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OBSERVATIONS ON THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF ART*.

ALTHOUGH it may be thought essential to a large and extensive Collection, that examples from the masters of every school should find there a place; yet as a separate school of art, perhaps none could exhibit greater variety, or show to more advantage those captivating qualities of colouring and chiar'-oscuro, than the Flemish.

It is true, the subjects connected with Flemish art are not generally calculated to please one of a highly, or rather classically cultivated mind, whose taste and acquirements have led him to subjects of ancient history. Such a person will be perhaps offended with the grossness of some and the vulgarity of others of the Flemish painters. Sacred subjects treated by them will in his eyes be offensive, and considered profaned, even by the pencil of Rembrandt. To his highly excited imagination the characters of saints and angels, patriarchs and prophets, in the garb and costume of that artist's choice, will appear a violation of truth, and the forms and features of his figures an insult to the personages they are meant to represent. Indeed it must be matter of surprise to those who are unacquainted with the principles of painting, or who have no eye for those qualities in art which constitute the charm of this artist's pencil, that such clumsy forms and glaring absurdities, sometimes found in works of this master, should attract the love and admiration they appear to do. In the matter of form, Rembrandt never appears to have looked beyond his model; nor does it seem that in his choice of this he was at all fastidious. As he never attempted grace, it may readily be imagined he would never see it, and did not know it

* Continued from "Relics and Opinions, &c." ante, p. 54. These observations are taken principally from examples of Flemish art in the late King's collection.

even in the forms of the antique. He is sometimes dignified, but it is for the most part the dignity of age: his 'Standard-bearer,' 'Burgomaster' and 'Rabbis' are examples of this character. Rembrandt painted to display his wonderful powers in *chiar'-oscur*, colouring, and effect. It does not appear that he thought about execution: though by no means deficient in that quality, it never obtrudes itself, as in the works of D. Teniers, G. Douw, Mieris, &c. Rembrandt could paint deceptively if he chose, but was too judicious to let his accessories divide the attention with his principal object, whether that object was character or effect.

What has been observed of the Flemish school in regard to the magical effect of colouring and *chiar'-oscur*, is eminently seen in the works of Rembrandt; and it was from these qualities that the high and distinguished reputation of his works arose. His etchings are in like manner the objects of admiration to the artist and the amateur; for in most of them may be discerned, almost equally with his paintings, the effect of his *chiar'-oscur*: and though the qualities with which his admirers often invest the mere ebullitions of his pencil, yet in the slightest of these hasty sketches character may always be found.

The examples from the works of Rembrandt in the King's collection are of the highest character, and the reputation of them almost as universal as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It would be difficult however to select from among them any single production of which it might be said, This is the finest specimen of the master; since the choice in all probability would be directed by the taste of his admirers, some having a preference for one quality, and some for another.

Although Rembrandt, like other painters, occasionally varied from himself in the sudden opposition of strength and colour, as in the 'Ship-builder and his Wife,' in which may be found an abrupt division of the parts, which, though it does not take from the harmony of the colouring or the excellence of individual imitation, does not give that concentrated or focus-like effect for which the greater part of his works were distinguished, and which may be fairly said to be the leading feature of his pencil,—his own Portrait, 'The Offering of the Magi,' and 'Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen after his Entombment,' possess this characteristic of his system in an eminent degree. The last of these performances is a combination of every quality that distinguished the works of this great master. In common with all his paintings, it is mellow and harmonious in colouring, but in effect of light and in character of *chiar'-oscur* has never been surpassed. It has the merit, too, of excelling in character and expression. The point of time chosen by the artist is

where Mary Magdalen mistakes Christ for the gardener, and that his appearance should accord with the character, he is represented, with Rembrandt's usual matter-of-fact, local costume, and appears with a spade in his hand, and his head shadowed by a large wide-brimmed hat. The penitent Magdalen is kneeling near the tomb, and is in the act of turning round towards the figure of Christ, with an expression rather of surprise than inquiry. The character of the female, if not beautiful, is finely conceived, and approaches the sublime. Not so the angels, or, as they are called, the "shining ones"; they are the angels of Rembrandt's imagination, and, but for their wings, might be taken for farmers or waggoners in any other situation. The cool effect of early morning is seen through an opening of the cavern which contains the sepulchre, the light of which is opposed above and below by the broad masses of the interior, where the figure of Christ is entering, and whose form is also opposed, though less violently than the rocky entrance, to the light behind him, but not so as to be separated from the general mass of the composition. Upon the whole, the magic of this painting is such as to raise (if possible) the character of Rembrandt's talents in the opinion of all, even of those less informed of the principles and qualities to be found in the works of this great master.

It would be a great stretch of imagination, as well as an overweening partiality for the works of Rembrandt, to find any approach to beauty or feminine grace in his females of middle life or even of youth: and where they are represented by him as portraits of individual character, there is a homeliness of feature and complexion which, however natural, has none of the charms of delicacy which characterize the females of Vandyke: even those by Rubens, in point of complexion have a purity of carnation never seen in those by Rembrandt. The single half-length figure of the 'Lady with the Fan' is one of the best examples of gentility, and from the hand of an artist more intent on embellishment or more associated with the graces, more justice might have been done to the individual. The 'Lady at her Toilet in the act of adornment' has no more pretensions to the charm of loveliness than the 'Lady with the Fan': so that unless the females that came under his pencil were of a very ordinary character in feature and complexion compared to others of their age and country, there must have been a plentiful lack of charming females in the Low Countries. Were it otherwise, it would only prove, what we believe to be the case, that this artist considered nothing beyond the composition of his picture, and the effect to be produced from his colouring and *chiar'-oscuro*. As a painting, it is a fine example from the pencil of Rembrandt:—as a subject, it is better adapted for

that of a more refined genius. A lover, or even a husband at the toilet of his wife, culling the jewels that are to decorate her person, would afford ample scope for the display of the tender emotions which the occasion would naturally call forth*. As much of the 'Eastern Magi' as can be seen shows a powerful energy in the marking of the characters: there is a solemn dignity in all, and a grandeur of mien and aspect, which the massive and gorgeous costume is well calculated to set off. The artist doubtless intended to invest the scene with the same suitable effect, and called in aid the sort of obscurity that would best answer such a purpose; but that he would darken his interior with such a loaded mass of dense matter is hardly possible to think imaginable. At all events its dark and shining surface precludes all possibility of penetrating. It may present to the ardent and imaginative amateur vestiges of things "dimly seen," and furnish matter of triumph if in his voyage of discovery he can point out on the clouded chart some fragments of form that may have been. But the fact is, the picture is so covered with varnish and charged with colour, as to be little more than a fragment itself.

To step from darkness to light, from a cavern or dungeon to mid day, we have only to turn to the performance of P. De Hooze, 'An Interior, with Figures playing at Cards'.

Except by the artist or the amateur, it seldom happens that any inquiry passes in the mind of the spectator concerning the means by which this or any other striking effect is accomplished. They argue, and they argue rightly, that nature has been the prototype, and truth the result. But in the mind of the artist there are other calculations going on; he sees, in common with others, truth in the perfect imitation of nature, but he feels the difficulty of producing such an effect of open day-light. It is not in subjects like these, as in those of Rembrandt's, where a confined light, and dark shadows serve as concealments. In the blaze of light which P. De Hooze lets into his subjects, every object in the picture is made visible to the sight, with all the strength of tone and character of detail which in ordinary practice is confined to the focus of the picture. But in looking at this wonderful production, with its magical effect of light, we are not to imagine that the painter has given all the truth, and nothing but the truth. There is, besides certain essential qualities of art, a calculated system of chiar'-oscuro, in which the proportions of the masses and the characters of the colours come in aid to produce the result.

Were it possible to find a room similar to that of the painting, and to

* The performance alluded to is 'Portraits of the Burgomaster Pancras and his Lady.'

place figures in the same situations, with the same costume and the other accessories, the peculiar light and time of day agreeing also,—thus analysed, it would be found in many instances different to the performance of P. De Hooge.

With a light such as governs the nearer figures, there would be far less depth of local colour, there would be more of detail in the character and folds of the drapery and the rest of the accessories. Other aids might be pointed out, which the artist has brought to bear upon his subject, that are not strictly true. No rules however can be given for painting such pictures; if there could, they would oftener appear, and would not in that case be of much worth.

It is evident that Monsieur Grenet, in his 'Interior of the Chapel', has adopted similar expedients with those of P. De Hooge, though with something less of the calculated system; but, excellent as this performance is, it does not offer to the artist or the amateur the pleasure which the more picturesque character of P. De Hooge's 'Card-players' does. The formality of Monsieur Grenet's subject has been skillfully combated by the artist; but it is still a picture of too much architectural regularity to please a lover of the picturesque.

Like the 'Interiors' by De Neef and other artists who excelled in church and cathedral perspectives, a single example like this is sufficient for a collection; while subjects like that of P. De Hooge need only to vary in scene, and they might be repeated often with little or no diminution of enjoyment in contemplating them. It may be further observed, that in the executive parts as well of Monsieur Grenet's performance as that of P. De Hooge, there is no extraordinary attention to finish. The style in both is broad and efficient, rather resembling that of Jan Steen than any others.

The 'Interior, with the Woman paring Turnips,' by D. Teniers, in point of execution is a superlative example of excellence. It is impossible to examine the objects which compose this striking performance but with the greatest delight. In the detail character of the several parts it is as if the artist had concentrated all his powers in their representation. It is certain that D. Teniers, as well as others, brought together articles of a kind and character foreign both to the place and the occasion. Accordingly, in this picture there are vegetables and fruits, old bellows and vinegar-bottles, with odds and ends of every sort, piled in picturesque confusion, outraging all housewife-like feelings; but housewives are neither connoisseurs nor purchasers of paintings, and have the same feeling for Art which is said to characterize the people called Friends, who prefer the thing itself to the most perfect imitation.

Few, if any, of the paintings of D. Teniers present anything to the imagination, if we except his 'Incantation' and 'Temptations'; and these are so entirely grotesque, that they excite no other feeling than disgust, except for the technical skill with which they are executed, which at all times, and in all he has done, is the powerful charm by which the artist and the amateur are attracted to his works. Pictures like this under our notice must be seen in order to appreciate its merits;—no words can convey an idea of what his pencil has executed. The 'Woman paring Turnips,' which gives the title to this clever performance, though skilfully painted, is but an apology for the introduction of his objects of still life, into which he has thrown the whole power of his execution; not merely by individuality or fidelity in the detail, but he has surrounded them as it were with an atmosphere of art. It must be evident to every one conversant with the principles of painting, how much depends on the character and colour of the ground by which objects are relieved; it must harmonize and balance as it were the several parts, partaking by reflection or refraction of the surrounding colours. Thus there is often seen, what may appear to some, an exaggerated dispersion of the prismatic colours on objects and in places where we should not have expected to find them: this is eminently the case in this painting of D. Teniers, and the system is carried further in it than in almost any other of his works.

'A Village Fête, with Portraits', painted for the top of the artist's harpsichord. As the last-mentioned performance of D. Teniers may be considered the finest example of its class of subjects, so may this of the 'Village Fête' be ranked in his style of landscape: it partakes of every quality that distinguished the pencil of this truly admirable artist. The execution or penciling of D. Teniers may be described as quick and sharp, without being hard or cutting: there is in it little of softness or blending, which manner is too apt to fall into the woolly and insipid.

This admirable collection is not exclusively that of the Flemish school: it appears to have been selected with a view to conformity of style and subject; as we find examples from the Italian, Florentine, French, and English schools.

In the painting by Greuze, 'A Domestic Scene,' the artist has given the entire character of his country: the female and the boy are perfectly French, and the style that of his period, in which the flutter rather than the folds of drapery was given. Greuze, however, may be said to be an exalted painter of domestic life. His subjects, though all of them taken from the middling and lower class of society, are never vulgar: there is a sentiment that elevates even his cottagers above their sphere;

and those who remember his 'Malediction Paternal' (from which there is a print) will agree, that no characters, however exalted in station, or decorated in the most splendid costume, could exhibit on canvas, as a subject for painting, more deep and touching pathos than the cottage scene of 'Malediction Paternal', presents.

The tragedy, where kings and emperors are the actors, never exhibited so powerful an energy as that which appears in the old man, who, with hands extended, is attempting to rise in the act of uttering the tremendous curse about to fall on the head of his son. The subject throughout is replete with character and expression, all in connexion with the principal event in the affecting drama:—the mother attempting to restrain the wrath of the old man; the children clinging to the females; and the still angered and vindictive character of the offender, are marked beyond the power of pen to describe.

The little domestic scene which gave rise to the foregoing remarks is of a very different character, yet with equal truth in the treatment of the subject; which is simply a mother with a child at her breast, another beside her asleep in a cradle, and an urchin of a boy with a toy trumpet, who is with difficulty restrained by the angry menace of his mother from giving utterance to sounds that must disturb the sleeping infant. All this is so quietly and naturally expressed, that it cannot fail to interest. Besides which, there is great beauty in the 'Female Cottage', and a clearness of colouring, with a lightness of pencil sufficient to arrest the attention, contrasted as this picture is by the deep-toned paintings by which it is surrounded.

'The Young Gamblers', by Le Nain, (another French artist,) is in a style altogether different, agreeably to the dark and vicious passions of the young aspirants in fraud; it is deep and sombre, the masses of light and shade broad, the colours few and simple, and altogether free from the flutter of French drapery as practised by Boucher and others of the time already alluded to. Le Nain's manner or style is certainly of the best period of French art, and inferior to neither Le Seur, Le Brun, or N. Poussin. In character and expression this artist is equally excellent; and the future assassin, the robber, and the galley-slave may be traced in the features of the Young Gamblers. It would be remarkable (did not every day's experience show it) that talents of so much power and excellence should have left few or no traces of the life and works of such a man as Le Nain: his paintings are seldom met with; yet the practice requisite to produce such pictures as 'The Young Gamblers' must have been of long continuance, and attained by many and repeated efforts. Certain it is, that half the excellence displayed in

this performance has placed artists high in the ranks of fame; and it is wonderful what could have been the fate of this painter, that so little is known of him*.

There is no reason, however, to think this a solitary instance of forgotten talent. Contingents must come in aid, or merit may struggle long, and lose at last: yet, when any glaring instance of neglect occurs, there is an aptitude to wonder, much as we do when the days shorten or lengthen.

'A Lady writing a Letter', by Terburgh.—With this artist you are always in good company. If the character of his subjects do not excite any great interest or occasion any powerful emotion, you are never offended by being introduced to a broil or a brothel. In his compositions Terburgh is simple; his groups seldom exceed three figures. His forms are elegant, and evidently belong to the higher classes of society. In the management of chiar'-oscuro great attention is paid; and, it may be, much sacrifice of truth is made in deepening and spreading his dark masses, not merely to support but to force out his principal object. This method of producing effect by strong opposition may, in the hands of a skilful artist, be rendered agreeable to the eye; but it is often false, and of too common-place a character in the practice of art to be frequently resorted to. In Terburgh, however,—whose object it was to show off his draperies, whether of silk or satin, to the best advantage,—the practice of dark masses was skilfully if not always justly applied. We cannot look upon a well-executed picture when the subject is not obvious, or, as in the case of this performance, where more appears meant than is warranted by the title, without wishing to know the parties introduced, and the occasion that gave rise to the painter's choice. In the group under notice there is much to excite curiosity, and an ingenious writer would readily weave what seems to be going forward into a tale or story of some interest.

Artists are frequently as much at a loss to give a title to some of their pictures, as many people are to find a title to an estate or other property; and if the artists of the present as well as those of former times were questioned as to the reasons for their choice in bringing such subjects into the market, the answer in all probability would be,—to sell. But the charm by which the amateur is held has often little to do with the subject or story; it is enough if the colouring is harmonious, the composition well regulated, the execution fluent, and the drawing

* The style greatly resembles the best paintings of Velasquez, and the treatment of the subject is equal, if not superior, to most of a similar class by Murillo.

tolerable. Above all, Is it a favourite master, or one that happens to be in fashion? is no unimportant question; for, strange as it may appear, there is a fashion even in picture-craft, without gaining which, Genius may often struggle in vain,—but with the aid of which, many inferior artists are enabled to tower above all their competitors.

ON ETCHING, AND THE SEVERAL STYLES OF ENGRAVING.

NO. I. PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

“..... In sum, it were to be wished that all our good painters would enrich our collections with more of their studies and ordonnances, and not despise the putting of their hands now and then to the graver.

“We have given instances of great masters who excelled in both: and the draft, if it be good, does sufficiently commute for other defects, or what may be wanting in neatness and accurate conducting of the hatches.”

EVELYN.

‘ETCHING’ has very frequently been applied to works altogether without this character of execution on copper, and where the graving-tool has had the larger share; this has been the case more especially in the early examples of engraving, many of which have a stiffness and hardness quite incompatible with the freedom and spirit of etching; where the needle passes over the surface of the plate with the same ease as the crayon or the pencil. On the contrary, the burin or graving-tool requires great practice and many repetitions of the lines to give lightness and freedom.

There is a style of etching, which, for the sake of distinguishing it from any admixture with the graver, may be called the painter's style, which requires little, besides the hand of a master, more than the knowledge of the character and form of the figure or group, and is in fact nothing more than the artists drawing upon copper, which, emanating from the mind of the painter, often possesses a spirit and character equal to the first thoughts, or the sketches, of the master. In this practice, most of the eminent painters indulged both in the Italian and Flemish schools; and these performances have been highly and deservedly valued as well by the amateur as by the artist. In the mean time, the estimation in which they are and have been held by collectors and others, has given rise to much fraud and some prejudice.

Scarcity often gives a value to objects that are not intrinsically valuable; and the painting, however rude, the marble, however mutilated, and the etching, however dry, provided they are of an early period in art, will find their admirers and advocates; their blemishes will be excused, and their beauties (if they have any), through the medium of a fertile imagination, be heightened and exaggerated by those who are ignorant of the true principles or knowledge of painting. If this predilection was confined to works of real merit in the several departments of art found in the early state of painting, there would be little reason to complain: but the want of judgement, and consequently of discrimination in this preference, excites, as may be readily imagined, a feeling of disgust on the part of the neglected moderns; and it is hard to say of the parties thus opposed, which are most violent, the one in detracting from, or the other in praising, the several performances from the hands of the old masters. One thing may be here observed,—that the eye is sometimes taught to admire without the aid of the understanding; and the mind in this case as often takes a bias towards the bad as the good, as if the excrescences that cling to a well-proportioned fabric should be taken for an ornament and decoration. Even from those whose admiration for ancient art is founded on judgement and good taste, the modern artist has little to encourage him to follow in the same path of excellence; for in pointing out the merits in the works of antiquity by the learned in virtue, he is not animated to admire and strive, but to extol and despair.

It was something like this feeling in the mind of Bernard Picart, a celebrated French artist who flourished about the year 1730, that gave rise to a series of etchings and engravings by him, called "*Innocent Impostors*." These were imitations of the works of the old masters, whose etchings were held in such estimation by the connoisseurs and collectors of the day, that they asserted no modern artist could accomplish a like performance. In his *Discourse or Essay* prefixed to the work alluded to, he says: "I found them" (meaning the virtuosi) "prepossessed with the three following opinions:—

"The first is, That it is easy to distinguish those prints that have been engraved by painters themselves, or by other painters from their works.

"The second, That an engraver by profession can never acquire a painter's style of engraving: so that they pretend to know by a print whether it was engraved by a painter or an engraver by profession.

"The third and last, That the modern engraver cannot possibly express the works of the ancient painters so well as those have done who were their contemporaries; because, say they, every engraver engraves

according to the gusto of the time in which he lives, and therefore it is impossible for a modern engraver to express the works of Raphael in the same manner as Marc Antonio, Augustin of Venice, Sylvester of Ravenna, &c. have done."

He then goes on to state, that he found prints engraved by Simon Cantarini from Guido and L. Carracci that were incontestably preferable to many that were engraved by Guido himself.

Piqued by the slights thrown upon the profession of engraving, he proceeds: "In opposition to the second opinion,—that an engraver by profession can never acquire a painter's style of engraving,—there are many pieces engraved by Gerard Audran, which I am persuaded if these gentlemen had seen without knowing they were done by him, they would rather have thought them the productions of a painter than an engraver; for they are touched with so much life and judgement, that I much question whether any painter could have exceeded them."

Audran, it is well known, was equally expert with the pencil as with the graver, and was selected by Le Brun for that very reason, to engrave his celebrated picture of the 'Battles of Alexander'. The prints also, after the paintings of Rubens in the Luxembourg Gallery by this artist, are conspicuous for a style and freedom that fully justifies the eulogium of Picart; and his following observations are no less candid than just.

"It would be ridiculous to expect from the inventors of any art, all the perfection it acquires in a series of years; and it is no less ridiculous, in admiring their works, to shut our eyes to the discoveries that have been made since that time. I think it very reasonable that their prints should bear a better price than the fine modern productions, not because they are better, but because they are very scarce, there being but few good copies of them extant." By improvements and discoveries, it cannot be supposed to mean the mere mechanical, but as in union with the principles of good painting, judgement and good taste. The author then gives several instances in which the mistakes of connoisseurs have been made to appear, not only in his own particular case, where his own etchings have been taken for those of the old masters and even for the original drawings, but relates the success of Goltzius in a similar way. His quotation is given from "The Lives of the Painters and Engravers, by Charles Van Mander"; and as it is both curious and conclusive, deserves to be given at length.

"Goltzius, after his return from Italy, where he had studied the different manners or tastes in engraving, undertook six prints. The designs were his own, but he engraved them in the tastes of six different

masters, to try if he could deceive the virtuosi; and, what is surprising, he engraved the plates in a very short time. He showed them to a few persons only, being determined to have some diversion. For this purpose he fixed on the 'Circumcision', which he had engraved after the manner of Albert Durer. He took a red iron and burnt that part where the name was, and took care it should be smoked, in order to make it appear antique. The print thus disguised passed to Rome, Venice, Amsterdam, &c., where it was received by the connoisseurs and critics with vast rapture, and purchased at a most exorbitant price, the purchasers esteeming themselves lucky in getting such a print into their possession of Albert Durer's, hitherto unknown. And what was not a little flattering to Goltzius, was to hear himself esteemed above himself; for when any one asked if Goltzius was not the engraver, the connoisseurs made answer, that Goltzius was not equal to anything like this work, it being one of the finest prints they had seen of Albert Durer's.

"Some of the critics added, that Albert Durer had engraven a plate which he ordered to be kept a hundred years after his death; and if his works were then in repute, that an impression should be thrown off, and not otherwise, and this they affirmed to be the very print. But after many extravagant conceits and encomiums the print appeared fresh and entire, with the name and portrait of the engraver.

"The gentlemen-connoisseurs were astonished and confounded; some of them even flew into a passion, and conceived a pique against Goltzius for pretending thus to impose on them."

Neither Van Mander, who relates the story, nor Picart, who inserted it, knew sufficiently the nature of prejudice, if they imagined it was to be removed even by facts thus adduced. Similar instances of the same kind have taken place since that time, and will continue to be repeated again and again,—but prejudice still remains.

Picart, who practised on the connoisseurs in like manner with Goltzius, fell of course under their censure, and was not allowed by them the share of merit his talents entitled him to: and it is impossible, without seeing the originals from which he wrought, to form a correct judgement of what he fell short, or in what he might have improved upon his prototypes.

Strutt, a writer on engraving and other works connected with antiquities and the fine arts, and himself an engraver by profession, holds Picart cheap, and speaks with contempt of his imitations of the old masters under the title of the "Innocent Impostors"; but whether Strutt himself had seen the originals from which Picart had etched, or the number and variety of that artist's works, is a question. And it is

hardly possible, without having seen the number of his works, the versatility of his powers both in style and invention, fairly to appreciate the merits of this artist, who certainly possessed talents of no ordinary stamp.

The education of Picart was that of a painter, and his disposition was averse to the labour of engraving; but it had been the employment of his father, and was continued by the son from a sense of duty, and not from inclination. His finished engravings did not display all that freedom and looseness which he so much admired in the works of Gerard Audran, though in his simple etchings there is all the character and freedom of the painter. An example however of the more correct and laboured style may be seen in a 'Holy Family' after Raphael, in which he has preserved upon a smaller scale a spirit and character little short of the same subject by Edelinot of a larger size, and considered his *chef d'œuvre*. In a copy of Picart's "Innocent Impostors" published in London in 1756, there is introduced a number of his Academical studies, which are engraved or rather etched by himself in a style of freedom, and with so much of the master, as must serve to show his ability to do justice to the painters whose drawings are found imitated in the same work, such as Rembrandt, Guido, and many others, conveying a very fair view of the style and manner of these several artists' sketches, and should have entitled the talents of B. Picart to more consideration than appears to have been shown him by his contemporaries, or at least to have rescued his name from the censure of those who must have been well acquainted with the difficulties of the profession. But as slaves have no severer task-masters than those of the same complexion and kindred, so artists have none that exercise the severity of criticism, or are more fastidious and difficult to please, than themselves, both in what they remark on the merits of contemporaries as well as in what they require from the engraver who copies their works. Hence it frequently happens that the skill and patience of the engraver are put to the severest test. Not content with fidelity of character and skillful execution in the essential features of the original, the most minute accident of the pencil, the laboured markings on broken stones or other decayed or damaged materials, are insisted on, especially with what belongs to the spirit, character, and expression of the piece. It is needless to say that works thus imitated are nine times out of ten spoilt.

We have ventured these remarks, as applicable at all times, more or less, to the relative character and situation of the artist and the amateur, it may also be necessary for the government of the latter, on entering on the study of virtue, that he may have something to direct his

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attention, and that he may fix his choice rather on the commendable qualities of art, than on the scarcity or antiquity of the painting, the print, or the statue.

For this purpose it will not be requisite to load his memory with names and dates beyond what may be desirable as a general retrospect of art, that he may see and compare the works of one period with those of another, so as to enable him to judge between the past and the present, that he may appreciate the merits of the moderns, as well as discern what is estimable in the works of the ancients.

Before going into a classification of the different styles of etching and engraving, it may be useful to those unacquainted with the distinction between these modes of execution on copper, to point out the character of engraving as separate from that of etching, as writers on the subject are apt to use the terms indifferently, and as in many instances there is a mixture of both.

The nature and character of etching has already been touched on, and its loose and free character, as given by the hand of the painter, pointed out as distinct from that of engraving, the general character of which is care and finish, which requires not only great skill and patience in its execution, but a taste in laying the lines and hatchings that compose the work; but in the process of engraving there is so much of what is merely mechanical, so much of what is called the beauty of laying the line, independent of its character as a work of art or a faithful imitation of a prototype, that incompetent judges never look beyond the surface, and are taken by the smoothness and regularity of the performance, more than by the essential qualities of fine art.

Hence it is that the young engraver is induced to look forward to his skill in the clearness and polish of his work, rather than to the character of his engraving as an imitation of the higher qualities of painting. Neither are his studies as an artist sufficiently imbued with the knowledge of the principle of painting, to give that freedom and variety so beautifully accomplished in the performances of those artists who, uniting the practice of the painter with the skill of the engraver, have left their works as exemplars of that excellence which should be the end and aim of the young professor, who, often content with filling his portfolio with these examples, and hanging his room with casts from the antique, imagines the rest will follow in due course.

But the principal obstacle to the perfection of fine art is to be found in the cupidity of the possessors, who, unable to discern what is excellent in art, and wishing to turn their capital to the best account, require such a number of impressions to be struck off, that the artist must often sacri-

fice the beauty of his middle tint and the finer gradations of tone, to the more powerful opposition of black and white. It is thus that the eye of the public becomes vitiated, and the engraver no longer considers it necessary to extend his study and attention to what is no longer recognised or appreciated by the discerning few, for it is not the few that can pay him for his labour; and he hastens over his task, and uses every means to accomplish his purpose by any of the mechanical operations that have lately been invented to facilitate rather than to perfect his work.

The introduction of the machine in engraving should only be for subjects of a particular class, such as mathematical forms, implements of husbandry, or other objects, where curious regularity is necessarily looked for. So jealous was the late resplendent engraver Bartolozzi of this mechanical dexterity, that when a young engraver applied to him for employment, showing at the same time a performance in which the back-ground was managed with the adroitness of an adept in the superlative of regularity, he was told by the judicious Italian, that such a back-ground and such regularity would utterly annihilate the character of his own burin. Nor are there wanting, in the present day, those who pursue a steady course without the aid of any mechanical process, and give to the public their labours, unbiased by the influence of publishers, in all the character of the highest art.

It is not intended by these observations to advocate neglect or inattention in laying the lines, or producing what is called flatness of surface, whether in the back-ground or other part of the work; but to point out the monotony that arises from the ultra of polish and precision, that sort of mechanism which makes the performance appear as if it had been turned out of hand by engine-work. If the skilful and judicious engraver sometimes has recourse to these mechanical aids, it is ever his aim to hide its effect; and it may be a question whether the pains he takes to do this may not be attended with more labour than his ordinary course of operation. But in the hands of the unskilful, the regularity of the machine will glare upon the eye with all its cutting harshness.

It is with engraving as with painting,—the pleasure of enjoyment received from it arises from its variety, not only of subject, but from its treatment in the execution; and nothing could be a greater mistake, made by certain French artists,—who, jealous lest their skill in the burin should be merged in the free and powerful character of etching,—excluded that process from their works; and by way of distinction, put at the bottom of their plates,—*Gravé en burin par* ———.

An example of this may be seen in a print by François Chereau,

200 *On Etching, and the several Styles of Engraving.*

'St. John in the Desert', after a painting by Raphael. It cannot be denied that this print is a beautiful specimen of that dexterity so tenaciously insisted upon by the French artists of that day; but no real judge of art would affirm that it would not have been still better by the introduction of etching; without which, it is impossible to give that looseness, that rich variety, that distinguishes the pencil of some artists, whose works would lose much of their excellence by a dry manner of engraving after them,—to say nothing of the facility as well as freedom it affords.

But this prejudice against the introduction of etching could not long prevail even in France, and was accordingly adopted in the works of their best engravers.

It is to the Italian artists that the art of engraving owes its richest and most harmonious variety in style and execution; and it is in the works of Jachimo, Frey, Wagner, and Bartolozzi, that examples may be found. Of the latter it may be said, that the rays of his genius have fostered the best talents of the British school of engraving, which, under various modifications, have produced some of the most beautiful and perfect specimens, both of etching and engraving, that have appeared in any age or country. The artists of the Italian school of engraving above mentioned, gave a character of richness to the flesh of their figures, as well as to most other parts of their subjects, by means of etching; though it does not appear that they made all the advantage in their back-grounds, landscapes, and foliage, which this process is capable of producing. Although, in the scale of comparison with the labour of the burin, etching is a ready means; yet its operation in the way of preparation for a highly finished result is sufficiently tedious, and might well wear out the patience of any but the most devoted to the profession; and even they sometimes endeavour to break from the captivity of its sedentary bondage, and seek refuge in the practice of painting. And well does the language of Sterne apply to this employment, when he describes the captive in his dungeon as "Etching another day of misery to add to the heap."

Those who turn over the portfolio in haste, or fastidiously examine the labours of the engraver, often pronouncing at random on the merits of his work, little imagine, or pause upon—

"The anxious care that patiently could give,
Line after line, the graphic forms to live:
Nor think that days and years may be forgot,
That chain'd the artist to his narrow spot;
That all the spring of life may pass away
Unheeded too, his premature decay."

In contemplating works of the greatest labour and finish, the applause of the fastidious critic is often wrung from him, or comes qualified with some drawback to his praise. And seldom, if ever, is taken into the account the nervous debility, the decay of health, and the exhausted frame that brought such excellence to light, where the fine-spun line, suited to express the most delicate texture, the gradation of tone that eludes the keenest sight, with the mingled qualities of the *chiar'-oscur*o.—These qualities of art, if admitted, the admiration of the performance, as a work of art, is often of so general a nature, that the names and talents of engravers are often merged in that of the print; and little, if any, thought is bestowed on the sacrifice of health and strength that has been made in effecting so much excellence. But it may be said, What have the public, the collector, or the critic, to do with this? They look for a finished work, and to excel should be the end and aim of art. This must be admitted; and the observation has only been thrown out as a passing hint to deprecate the severity of criticism, or the inconsiderate way in which examples of engraving, though of the highest character, are viewed and passed over by persons ignorant or heedless of the slow and wearying process by which such excellence is attained.

MEMOIR OF RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON.

THE grandfather of Richard Parkes Bonington was a man highly respected in the town of Nottingham, where he held the situation of governor to the county jail. After his decease, his son (the father of Bonington) was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Bonington (the son) had the reputation of being "a good tavern companion," an open, generous-hearted man. But "company, villainous company," too often led him, as it has others, into certain unfortunate predicaments: and it is remembered now among the wags of the town, that one night on returning home rather "muddled," he was taken up by the "guardians of the night" for riotous and disorderly conduct,—a rather awkward circumstance for the governor of the jail, and one which nearly caused his dismissal; but the intervention of his friends saved him on this occasion. It was not until the commission of a graver offence, which could not be overlooked,—such as conversing with the prisoners on the subject of politics, and dilating amongst them on questions of free governments,

and the reading to them the forbidden doctrines of Tom Paine,—that, to adopt a modern phrase, he thought proper to “tender his resignation.”

From this time until his marriage with Miss Parkes he practised as a portrait-painter, and also published a few prints in coloured aquatinta : one was A View of Nottingham Market Place, taken from the part leading to the Derby Road, which only possessed the merit of identity to recommend it. Miss Parkes originally came from Birmingham, from whence she occasionally visited Nottingham : here she often met Mr. Bonington ; and, by the patronage of friends, upon their marriage they were enabled to establish a ladies' school at Arnold, a village about five miles from Nottingham, where, on the 25th October 1801, their highly-gifted son, Richard Parkes Bonington, was born. After remaining at Arnold a few years, Mr. and Mrs. Bonington and their whole establishment removed to the town of Nottingham, and finally settled in St. James's Street, where their school was well supported : Mr. Bonington still following the profession of painting. Being an only child, young Bonington was regarded with more than ordinary solicitude by his parents ; but such was the amiability of his heart, that he was anything but spoiled by indulgence ; and his affectionate disposition and sensitive temperament endeared him to every person to whom he was known. Among the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bonington, none were held in higher esteem than the family of the Hulses, living in the town, whose eldest son was very nearly of the same age as theirs ; and between these boys a friendship, or rather it may be termed a brotherly affection, subsisted, which but increased in strength as each advanced to manhood ; they were inseparable, and a day rarely occurred when they were not seen together, or when Bonington was not at the house of Mr. Hulse. Each always partook of the diversions of the other, and in every action they corresponded. Bonington early displayed a predilection for drawing ; but this inclination was never considered in any higher light than such juvenile efforts usually are. The general amusement and occupation of Bonington and his young companion, Samuel Hulse, was drawing anything and everything which came before them : but what above all other projects mostly occupied their time and invention was the forming and painting of cardboard theatrical characters, with moveable heads and caps ; and such was Bonington's ardency for the drama, that it was then the universal opinion he would certainly become an actor ; and, like a second Lawrence, his fate was poised betwixt the two pursuits of the drama and painting. What still more tended to strengthen the general belief that the stage would form his future career, were the examples he gave of his histrionic powers in conjunction with other juvenile friends,

and his companion "Sam," as he familiarly called him, at the house of the latter, in a very large apartment, and which Bonington entirely fitted up himself, having painted all the scenes, and played the "acting manager," always to the satisfaction of his "numerous audiences," which generally consisted of as many of his friends as could find room.

The period now, however, approached, when the scenes and amusements of youth give place to the more stirring and active movements of life. It has been before detailed, that, through certain imprudences, Mr. Bonington forfeited his situation as governor of the county jail; and by repetition of the like conduct his friends fell off, his school became reduced, so that ultimately he was compelled to leave Nottingham and England altogether, and fly to France, where, by business connected with the lace trade, he supported his family, at least until the rising eminence of his son opened another direction to his mind.

It has been said of him, that his son's "productions completely confirmed his desire to take every opportunity of leading him to the arts as a profession; and he accordingly continued to direct his attention to the works of the best masters, but above all to Nature, the mother, nurse and guide of true genius." Again: "At the age of fifteen his parents journeyed to Paris, feeling assured that the facilities for study afforded by that capital were much more important than any which could elsewhere be attained." These extracts are taken from a biography of this artist which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* at the time of his death, and from which truth compels us to differ, and to take from the father that merit which is due to the fame and character of the son. So far indeed from Mr. Bonington's taking "every opportunity of leading him to the arts as a profession," he never considered the subject at all; and the whole training and pupilage of the son was left to his affectionate and accomplished mother. It is true Mr. B. practised as a portrait-painter, but it was more in the name than the principle; and even if he had possessed the talent sufficiently for directing his son's abilities, his inclinations withdrew him always to other scenes and pursuits; for when he ought to have been in attendance on his family and establishment, he was enacting the political mountebank in a waggon in some part or other of the town. It was during one of these performances in the Market Place at Nottingham, when a vast assemblage were listening to the "orations" of Mr. Bonington, that young Bonington and his "bosom friend" happened to pass; and young Hulse remarked to his companion, "Look at your father." "Ah!" replied the other with tears in his eyes, "this is all I get by it,"—at the same time taking a

solitary penny bun from his pocket to eat for his dinner, as symbolical of his then lowness of fortune.

To the second paragraph, that "they journeyed to Paris, feeling assured that the facilities for study," &c., a like contradiction must be given. The true cause of the journey has already been stated.

The nature of Bonington was essentially *precocious*, and though it was not displayed in any of those astonishing efforts of the pencil that characterized the dawning genius of Lawrence, yet the few years in which he was enabled to make himself the "observed of all beholders," powerfully demonstrate the truth of our assertion, as well as showed that his genius was of the highest order. This precocity was further developed in his person and manners. Tall for his age, though only fifteen, (we speak of the period when he left England for France,) his general appearance and manners were manly, and his countenance and stoop of the shoulders indicated great penetration and thoughtfulness.

From his settlement at Paris we must date Bonington's commencement as an artist. His genius, which when at Nottingham was merely exercised on insignificant subjects, now, when surrounded by every incentive that can add fuel to the devouring flame of ambition, and feed the insatiable aspirations of enthusiasm,—concentrated its energies to the fulfilment of its high destiny—the glory of the art. It was now that the father felt the full conviction of the genius of his son, and seriously set to work to aid his improvement. The first step, then, was admission into the Louvre;—this was quickly obtained. Here his improvement was extremely rapid; and from hence he was entered as a student of the Royal Institute of France, and became a pupil in the *atelier* of M. Le Baron Gros. But such a circumstance was needless to one of his powers; genius requires but to be shown the first rules to the studying of nature, and rebels if restrained in its exuberance of feeling; thus Bonington soon provoked the reproaches of Le Baron Gros*, because he disdained to follow the dry routine of the academic rules of his master's *atelier*. After quitting the Baron, he continued to draw the living figure at the Institute, and left it only when he felt sufficient confidence that he could proceed without further attendance.

* However, after Bonington had established his reputation, "M. Gros, who, on what was probably a very frivolous pretext, had shut his *atelier* against Bonington, eventually did him justice. He recalled him; and in the presence of all his pupils, who were enchanted with the success their comrade had achieved, praised his fine talents, which no one had directed, and begged that he would have the goodness to become one of the ornaments of his school."—*Le Globe*.

Nature, in Bonington, found an enthusiastic and unalterable devotee ; and his sketches and studies of figures and scenery breathed the very elements and air of nature, executed in a style bold in conception, powerful in chiar'-oscuro, and broad and rich in effect. About the year 1822 he went to

“ Fair Italy, nursery of the arts.”

And in his views and studies of Venice he has rivalled the pictorial creations of Canaletti and Guardi.

In Paris, the works of Bonington always met with extensive patronage, whether they were his water-colour or oil paintings : but to his own countrymen in England he was long unknown. It was not until February 1826 that the generality of Englishmen were aware of the genius they might boast of : it was then he exhibited at the British Institution two Views on the French coast, which excited much attention, and took all the critics by surprise. The question of “ Who is Bonington ? ” was echoed from one to another ; and one work—even the *Literary Gazette*—set it down that there was no such painter as Bonington, and gravely fathered the pictures on Mr. Collins ! When, however, the mistake was discovered, the critic attempted to correct his error by saying, “ Can we pay Mr. Bonington a higher compliment ? ” Assuredly it was a high compliment, though not a very happy one ; for, beautiful as the works of Mr. Collins undoubtedly are, still we must say his style is very different from Bonington’s. But it was no wonder that the two paintings in question should have puzzled the critics, when it is recollected the high style of art in which they were executed. The British Gallery is no bad place to determine the test of excellence ; and Bonington’s works met with that regard and attention which their great excellence demanded. His two first works exhibited at this Gallery accordingly fixed the admiration of all. They were so utterly unlike any style of the present day, so firm and broad, and exhibited such harmony and breadth and splendid chiar'-oscuro, such perception of the high principles of art and mechanical skill, as have been seldom found united. His *debut* may justly be termed triumphant ; and although his sojourn in the world of art was but brief, yet his short career was brilliant and successful ; but, unfortunately, his very prosperity became the insidious destroyer of his existence. Impelled onwards to extraordinary exertions to grapple with the flow of patronage which showered upon him, he exposed himself, unguardedly, to the too great heat of the sun while sketching in the open air, which brought on a brain fever and a subsequent severe illness. He was at Paris when this occurred, which

terminated in a rapid consumption;—and the anxiety which seized all his friends can scarcely be conceived by those who were not personally conscious of his many endearing qualities, his nobleness and generosity of mind and heart. This insidious disease baffled all human intervention, and left its victim but sufficient strength to travel to London on a desperate attempt to seek relief from the celebrated Mr. St. John Long, where, on the 23rd of September 1828, at the house of Messrs. Dixon and Barnett, No. 29 Tottenham Street, his mortal career closed, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. On the 29th of September he was buried in a vault at St. James's Church, Pentonville, attended by a numerous assemblage of private friends; Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Howard appearing on the part of the Royal Academy; Mr. Robson and Mr. Pugin as the representatives of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The genius of Bonington was of the highest order of originality and flexibility; of that flexible nature, that, while it made the works of others the proximate cause of its own elevation, still could preserve itself free from the taint of mannerism. He never designed anything *purely* historical, nor would he have succeeded if he had: his eye was too luxuriant, too much imbued with the feeling for colour. His *forte* was dramatic painting, and delineations of actual objects of nature; and we have only to compare his figure compositions with his coast views, to confirm our opinion. His works in the latter style are wonderfully fine,—so entirely original and masterly; and his sketches in water-colours are really and truly “gems of art.” The paintings he exhibited at the British Institution in 1826 have already been mentioned; and he was satisfied with the manner in which they were placed. This was not, however, the case with his treatment by the Council of the Royal Academy in 1828, when he sent there two pictures, one of ‘Henry III. of France’, and the other ‘A View in Venice’. In the January following (1829) at the British Institution appeared his last picture, ‘A Turk Reposing,’ which was treated with masterly feeling, and was exquisitely rich in colour.

We have before slightly alluded to Bonington's studying the various styles of the different masters eminently distinguished for any peculiar mark of excellence, and the still unmannered and original feeling of his own. He has founded a style, the great characteristics of which are a fine perception of the beauties of both nature and art, well balanced management of *chiar'-oscuro*, a vigorous and masterly handling, united to a vivid and refined imagination, and profound knowledge of the high principles of art. Embodying therefore these varied points of excellence, it is not surprising that he should have been the cause of many indi-

viduals becoming his imitators, as our annual Exhibitions too painfully demonstrate*.

There can be no doubt that, had Bonington lived, he would have risen to very great eminence and estimation among the patrons of art in this country, as indeed the high reputation in which his works are already considered fully warrant us in saying,—accomplished, too, ere he had reached the age of thirty. In Paris his patrons were many; by which means he was enabled to live in good style, and mix with the best society of Paris, in a house well fitted up with galleries for his works, in Rue St. Lazare. Indeed, such is the high estimation in which the French hold Bonington, that they will scarcely allow he was an Englishman, and consequently an English painter! Whenever speaking of him they term him “our Bonington;” and there is hardly a print-shop in Paris that has not prints after his works, in lithography and mezzotinto, mostly engraved by S. W. Reynolds. When Sir Thomas Lawrence was invested with the Star of the Legion of Honour by Charles X., and Mr. Constable and Copley Fielding were awarded Gold Medals for their respective works then exhibiting at the Louvre, Bonington also received a Gold Medal for a marine view.

It has been remarked as extraordinary, that Bonington should never have sent any works for exhibition to England before 1826. But no doubt the extensive patronage which he received in France, combined with the general interest which he must have felt for the place where he had been nurtured, strongly actuated his feelings on this point. On his death, the French testified their grief for his loss, and universally paid a just tribute to his genius: but among all the contemporary notices of him, none was more honourable to the French themselves, and just to the memory and genius of Bonington, than the one that appeared in *Le Globe*.

The personal appearance of Bonington was singular and striking; bespeaking the man of genius most strongly. His figure was finely proportioned, in height about five feet eleven; his eyes, dark and penetrating, were overshadowed by brows thick and reflecting; the forehead square and lofty; the nose long, and of the Grecian mould; and the mouth evidence of mildness and resolution; the general expression of his countenance was thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. His disposition was mild, generous, and highly affectionate; and in every point was the exact counterpart of his mother, whom he loved most tenderly. Like most men of great genius, his temperament was uneven;

* See ‘Library of the Fine Arts,’ vol. i. p. 80.

at one time all spirit and animation, full of humour and fun; at another melancholy, quiet, and scarcely capable of speaking beyond monosyllables. It is said that he was deeply affected by the death of a young lady, beautiful and accomplished,—a Miss Foster, the daughter of an English clergyman residing at Paris, whose decease occurred not very long before his own. Indeed, his feelings were of the most acute sensibility, and not of a nature soon to forget a bereavement of that kind.

To show that his feelings and sentiments had undergone no alteration with his rise in fortune,—that he had not exchanged his former meekness and affectionate heart for pride and hauteur—too often the case—we will relate the following instance. Not many years before his death, before however he was known in England, he undertook a journey to visit the place of his birth and Nottingham. It was from no feeling or desire of associating with any of the inhabitants, but simply of once more seeing the place: for, knowing as he did, the causes of his father's leaving the town, he would not torture himself with the chance of being shunned by any of his former friends; and he could not even bring himself to the resolution of visiting the Hulses, with whom he had been considered almost as a son. But chance brought them together. He met his "ancient friend" Samuel Hulse, who, struck with his fine and elegant appearance, addressed him; "Ah! Mr. Bonington, how are you?" Bonington took him by the hand; his grave countenance relaxed, and he answered very slowly, and with particular emphasis, "Why, Sam, can't you call me *Parkes*?"* In his last illness he was fond of referring to the scenes of his youth, and expressed a strong desire of "once more seeing the old houses which he used to sketch when a boy."

The Marquis of Lansdowne, Countess De Grey, the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Cook the engraver, are in the possession of some of Bonington's finest paintings,—Mr. Cook especially, of his water-colour drawings: and Mr. Carpenter has published a series from his works, lithographed by Harding in the best style. He left a great number at his death, which were sold at the Rooms of Mr. Sotheby, and realized a sum exceeding 1200*l*. His water-colour drawings exhibited, perhaps more even than his paintings, the character of his genius; and his drawings on stone, which were published in France, no doubt restored there the true feeling for that species of art which his works altogether were calculated to improve. Already he effected a great revolution in the French school; and, had he survived a few years, his works would perhaps have given a higher tone of feeling.

* His second name of "*Parkes*" was always the one by which he was called when a boy,—never "*Richard*."

even to the English. The classical affectation of the first has almost disappeared, and we have been taught more fully to appreciate the merits of our own school. In neither country had such works been exhibited by modern artists as his 'Views in Venice', the spirit of which he gave to the only etching he ever executed, 'A View in Bologna,' which was published by Messrs. Colnaghi.—We close this article by extracting from the Parisian journal before mentioned the following just and honourable tribute to Bonington's memory and genius.

"Bonington tried all styles, except that which is called Historical. What he had intended to do, was to borrow from the middle ages subjects for a series of easel pictures, in which he was desirous of combining and showing the value of the finish of the Dutch, the vigour of the Venetians, and the magic of the English. How deeply it is to be regretted that death struck him ere he could put such a plan into execution! He succeeded equally in marine subjects, in architecture, in landscape, and in interiors. Whether he disported with the crayon (so despised since Latour, but the credit of which he re-established), painted in oil or water-colours, or handled the lithographic chalk or pen, he did remarkable things. Water-colours have not been much esteemed in France for twenty years; Bonington revived them, united them to *aquarelle*, and produced that admirable picture 'The Tomb of St. Omer,' which may, in point of finishing, solidity of tone, and force of effect, compete with Granet's finest works. The beautiful 'Picturesque Journey', by Messrs. Taylor, Nodie and Cailleaux, and a separate collection published by our young artist, attest his superiority as the draftsman of romantic ruins. That which ought not to have happened, happened. The 'Fragments', into which Bonington had thrown all the originality of his genius, met with but moderate success. The amateurs did not understand those delightful drawings; but the reception which they experienced from the artists consoled Bonington for the bad taste of the public, and for the pecuniary loss which he sustained in consequence. * * * * * The new school of painting has lost in him one of its most illustrious supporters."

SKETCHES BY A TRAVELLING ARCHITECT.

"COME!—for England!" On getting into the Havre *Diligence*, I was politely accosted in tolerable English by a very perfect Frenchman; and we had some "talk" (as Johnson would have called it) about language

and literature—politics and war—arts and sciences—fashions and amusements. Still it was France, France, France—Paris, Paris, Paris. I was growing impatient, when, looking at me steadfastly in the face, my loquacious companion exclaimed on a sudden, "Really, I could have taken you for a Frenchman, but for your hat and coat!" My rising ire sobered into a state of most Christian complacency:—

MORAL.

* * * * *

Yet, philosophically to speak it, a headlong spirit of nationality is no more allied to the "true thing" than the *loyalty* of a sinecurist. More than once has a wish escaped me that I had been born upon some fish's back—the furthest possible distance from all lands—the child of chance, a citizen of the world! So might I have been equally amused with the Frenchman's shrug and the Englishman's scowl; and inclined to think that China is the greatest nation of the earth, because she cares least about the greatness of other nations. The actions of a Howard should shame the laurels of many a hero, whose martial deeds were only not ridiculous because they were bloody.

As to national character, I believe there is much quackery in the abundance of disquisition thereon. The character each nation receives from its neighbour, certainly differs very much from the one it assumes to itself; while the prejudice of the one party perhaps accurately balances the partiality of the other. Philanthropists and philosophers are common to all countries; and in all countries characters of real moral goodness are, perhaps, equally numerous, or, we may rather say, equally rare; but the mass of a people receives its distinguishing peculiarity from the manners accidentally co-existent.

My companion, in talking of the state of the arts in France and England, demanded, with an anticipatory air of triumph, "Where are your *historical* pictures?"—May the ripened judgement of a coolly reflecting posterity light most favourably upon the paintings of David and his school! At all events, they pretend to much, and may prove not less deserving than the best of Northcote, on whom, however, Englishmen are not content to place their claims for celebrity in high art.

Disclaiming our "historical" pretensions (though with secret hopes in the thriving genius of an Etty and an Eastlake), I was content to rest my argument upon the positive excellence of our humbler "deeds," as more satisfactory than the loftier attempts of French art:—but, *mon Dieu!*—Hogarth!—What! the painter of those grotesque, wigged, pomatumed, knee-breeched groups in 'Marriage à la Mode'!—Just so. The critic, uncharmed by Athenian drapery and flowing hair, could

discover no more depth of feeling, satirical point and moral force in Hogarth's pictures, than in Shakspeare's plays!

The cant about "high art," with its vocabulary of common-place technicalities, has just as much to do with truth, as the airs, encouraged in a fashionable "ladies' seminary," with the simple bearing of real modesty and accomplishment. It would be absurd to *compare* Michael Angelo and Hogarth; but they are equal in regard to the perfection of their different styles. Shakspeare is superior to both—not because Macbeth is a more perfect production than 'The Last Judgment' or 'Marriage à la Mode', but because Falstaff is as perfect as Macbeth.

Rouen.—If this city contained no building of note in addition to the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, that alone were worthy the visit of every English architect; not that he cannot behold its equal at home; but because, with a *true* feeling for the Gothic and pointed styles, he will never acknowledge satiety, while any of their first-class specimens remain unseen.

Rouen is singularly rich in the architecture of which we now speak. In addition to the cathedral before mentioned, are several choice examples, ecclesiastical and civil, among which, in august pre-eminence, rises the noble church of St. Ouen. The general elegance and richness of its interior are such as to render any partial heaviness or scantiness obvious to a critical eye; and, allowing their *comparative* unimportance, we may venture to mention, as undeniable faults, the shallowness of the window recesses, and the nakedness of the vaulting. Depth is not less essential to the full effect of perspective than to the indication of strength; and, if ornament be *anywhere* employed in a church nave, it certainly should not be omitted on the vaulting.

I remained at Rouen only half an hour, the half of which was spent in search of the two buildings just alluded to; so that, when I had fairly regained my place in the *Diligence*, it became a doubt whether I had really been out of it. It seemed as if a sudden jolt of the lumbering vehicle had just awakened me from a dream of Gothic romance. Moreover, my appetite for the architectural sublime had, for the time, superseded that desire for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which now afflicted me with most ill-timed recurrence, and left me "pining in thought," until a friendly roll greeted me from the window of a small inn on the road. Monsieur le Conducteur kindly effected the devoutly wished intimacy; and my roll, though coffeess and butterless, proved neither "stale" nor "unprofitable."

The road between Paris and Havre has been aptly compared with that from our metropolis to Dover. Havre is as English, and more re-

spectable than Boulogne; and the view from the heights, north of the town, amply compensates the toil of ascent.

Return to England! "Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard." And the wind *was* "fair" when we left the harbour; but, ere England's shores were nearer a league, it veered about to the north, put the billows into heaving commotion, and our stomachs in corresponding disorder. Alack, for pity! Love-sick or sea-sick, it is all one—people laugh at us in both predicaments; not, we will hope, because they merely enjoy our present sufferings, but in consideration of the service rendered to us in the end. A blackberry eye and lee-lurch are equally perplexing and medicinal; the insensible are cured of their insensibility, the bilious of their bile.

After a long repose in one of those hot-beds *yelep'd berthes*, I was aroused by the hoarse voice of our captain as he gave his directions to the helmsman, and found myself gliding smoothly over the "stilly deep" of Southampton water. At two o'clock in the morning the custom-house officers took possession, not of our portmanteaus only, but of our more valuable Christian patience. The porters were servile before payment, and, of course, saucy afterwards. To come unto one's own, and be thus inhospitably accosted—by the blood of the Guelphs, but it seems no less than slapping fair Patriotism on the face! From the steam-boat to the inn, no friendly grasp, nothing but "itching palms!" The "land rats and water rats" were upon me on all sides; till, buttoning up my pockets, in the moment of passion's impulse, I wished *them* and their *country* further than, by God's grace, they ever may be!

But sweeter things came with the morrow. The landlady of the George Inn "could not think of charging me for a bed occupied only half the night." The chambermaid spoke English so sweetly. The chamber itself was so resplendent with cleanliness; and, by a rather singular accident, the earthenware of the washing-stand was pictured with a not inaccurate resemblance of one of the loveliest scenes which had moved my rapture in Italy—the rocks and temple of Tivoli. By the way; when the classic folks of Tibur shall turn potters, they may do more unjustly than to return the compliment, by imprinting on their wash-hand basins the romantic banks of the Severn as they appear at Colebrook Dale.

Had not the dissatisfaction of the preceding night been already nearly removed, I should have gathered some degree of natural pride from the coach and horses which bore me on towards Salisbury. The beauty of the country, which we traversed with such inspiring velocity, would have enamoured me in spite of prejudice. Salisbury spire at length

broke upon my view. "Charming!" I exclaimed, and—forgot the custom-house officers.

The mind "reeling in the fulness" of Alpine splendour, luxuriates in the soft repose of England's rural scenery; and the neat lodge, the winding carriage way, the shrubbery, the hanging wood, the village church and gothic parsonage, acted upon my feelings with all the sweetness of a mild mother's greeting.

Should the reader bear in mind that I started from the Tower Stairs, he may be inclined to question the meaning of my western destination; for, certes, Salisbury is not in the readiest way from Southampton to London. If, then, he should have "pressing business upon 'Change," or (which may be the same thing) no further inclination to travel in my company, let us here "shake hands and part;" for, being one of those unfashionable few, who entertain a more than ordinary admiration for the architectural and scenic beauties of my native land, and having been rather quick and economical in my continental movements, I remain possessed of a little spare cash and time, which possibly, by careful management, may afford me some acquaintance with the "lovely Devonian," and a glance at a few of our cathedrals.

Salisbury Cathedral. The "star-y pointing pyramid" of this splendid building had enraptured me, long before I could proceed to that nearer examination of its entire mass, which left me in a state of wonderment at that abject condition of prejudice or quackery, which could induce a man to sojourn seven days at Venice, and write as many pages of eulogy upon the subject of Palladio's churches, and yet allow him to pass through Salisbury, without any dutiful observance, save that of common honesty, in the payment of a half-crown for his dinner and sixpence to the waiter.

On entering the *close* of Salisbury Cathedral I could have wept!—Perhaps a hastily quaffed draught of brandy-and-water had rendered me the more sensitive,—but when the grandeur of this superb pile burst upon my *Italianized* senses, I exclaimed, (with more innocence, perhaps, than the reader will give me credit for,) "My God! is not *this* the character of temple most fitted for dedication to thy service?"—If it be not *classical*, it is at least *Christian*."

And wherefore not *classical*? Why is not Shakspeare as classic as Æschylus? Why is Salisbury Cathedral less classic than the Parthenon? If Lear and Hamlet, Othello and Macbeth, are not classical plays, I am content to regard as unclassical the cathedrals of Strasbourg and

Salisbury, Rouen and York! Upon what grounds a man might support the exclusive classicality of the Athenian dramatist and temple, I know not. Shakspeare's unrivalled fame is founded on his extended knowledge of nature,—his "o'er-informed" imagination,—his thorough communication with soul,—and his power of giving to the deepest thoughts language the most dignified and expressive. Could the Grecian do more? O yes: he constructed his drama on a more consistent plan: nor that alone; his characters were also more consistent. Away with such rule-and-compass reasoning! the inconsistencies of Hamlet are the inconsistencies of nature, and therefore no inconsistencies at all. In like manner the incongruities of pointed design are those of an exuberant fancy acted upon by the fire of a romantic piety.

Granted,—the incongruities *are* faults, faults which it were well to remedy; but wherefore regard a thing, irregular in its disposition, as unclassical in its essentials? The quality of Grecian architecture is a stated regularity of parts and proportions. Does this render it exclusively classical? Surely the term may be comprehensive in its application, and equally suitable to every first-class effort, whether its beauty originates in a strict adherence to certain laws, or in a free obedience to the unrestrained workings of nature or imagination. Sir Christopher Wren (God bless him!) was insane on *one* point. He thought lightly of pointed architecture. And yet in his Grecian steeple of Bow Church, and his Gothic* spire of St. Dunstan's, what has he done? In his numerous *classic* towers at London, as compared with his *Gothic* tower of St. Michael's, what has he proved? Why he has proved, IN SPIRE OF HIMSELF, the superiority of what he condemned. The truth "would out." He designed to do wrong, and, unintentionally, did right. Like other great men, he was open to prejudice—blind to this simple fact, that the Grecian style is *horizontal* in its character, and the pointed, *perpendicular*. The one has its origin in artificial erection; the other in natural growth. The former is a compilation of several principles; the latter an extension of one.

To build up a Grecian superstructure beyond a certain relative height, is no less at variance with the nature of the style, than would have been the action of Bucephalus with the nature of a horse, if he had galloped on his hind-legs only, and had carried Alexander on his head instead of

* It may be observed that I have, when possible, cautiously avoided the use of the word "Gothic," the usual term applied to pointed architecture. The truth is, I cannot make up my mind to call that building, the characteristics of which are elegance and masonic skill, by a name which implies tastelessness and ignorance.

on his back. Let any one examine conjointly Salisbury spire (not the *most* beautiful of its kind) and the steeple of Bow Church, justly lauded as first of its class: Does not the spire spring from its base of clustered pinnacles like the flower from its leafy stem,—a different feature of the same plant? Beautiful *now*, it seems, as it were, aspiring into a condition of *greater* beauty:—its finials appear like so many thriving buds of promise! In turning to the tower of Bow church, we acknowledge it as handsome in its parts, but unharmonious in its whole. Imperfect now, it promises nothing better,—for its growth is effectually stopped;—the sap of the tree is intercepted in several places. The entire composition exhibits four distinct pieces of architecture, which might be separately situated, and with good effect, on the same level in Stowe gardens. 1st, We have a quadrangular pilastral tower; 2ndly, a peripteral temple; 3rdly, a polygonal ditto; 4thly, an obelisk. These are united, it is true; but the union is an especial instance of that *harmony* which would be produced by striking at once the three adjoining keys of a pianoforte. In short, do what you will with a Grecian steeple, it must ever appear a *compilation*,—a thing which, like an old-fashion spice-box, may be unscrewed and taken to pieces.

Though the *interior* of Salisbury Cathedral may yield in general effect to some other English examples, it is yet a prodigious testimony to Sir Christopher's mistake. Where great height and length of perspective are required, the pointed style is triumphant, and yields a beauty wherever the Grecian betrays a defect. In the latter, there is a certain relative proportion between breadth and altitude, which, however conducive to elegance, is not so to sublimity: nor can the simple shaft of the regular orders be regarded as a fit abutment for a ribbed vaulting. The partial distribution of light and shade is a grand desideratum in the composition of a church interior; and the pointed style admits of liberties conducive thereto, which the Grecian rules forbid. Irregularity is, in the one instance, a beauty; in the other, uniformity is a law. Recesses and intersections give richness to the pointed; while in the Grecian edifice they only promote confusion. The clustered pillar, affording every variety of light and shade, curbed by no regulated height nor fixed diameter, combines apparent delicacy with real strength, and, in the continuation of its lines, harmonizes with its arch, which seems rather to *emerge from* than *abut upon* its capital. Among the most valuable properties of this beautiful style of architecture may be mentioned, the allowable smallness of proportion, which the internal points of support may bear to the vaulting supported.

Yes; but the flying buttress authorizes *that*.

Well, sir, the flying buttress is one of the most fascinating features of the style.

Excuse me: but the interior of St. Paul's is reckoned remarkable for the virtue of which you speak, as exclusively belonging to the Gothic,—I beg your pardon,—pointed style.

Now, sir, you've clenched the nail I drove into Sir Christopher's wooden insensibility to the charms of our old cathedral architecture. Are you aware that the upper story of St. Paul's Cathedral is 'a story', only in a certain sense,—that is, a *fib*?

What! false?—merely a blank wall?—What, then, does it serve for?

To hide the flying buttresses!—so, that you will allow—but I will not insult your sagacity by any comments. I love Sir Christopher as a great architect, and as a good (I may add, an injured) man. I burn to sketch the many splendid parts of his sumptuous cathedral; and, Heaven willing, will do so, if I get safe and sound to London."

LAST MOMENTS OF HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

Most individuals who may be unfortunately affected with any particular distressing disease, frequently experience a morbid and gloomy presentiment of death, a vague and indescribable anxiety and restlessness of mind. Thus it was with Liverseege. Some time previous to his decease, though he had not been very seriously unwell, yet a heaviness hung about him, a lethargic feeling, which increased more and more to his death; and what more alarmed his relations than any other circumstance, was, that his legs had begun to swell; and the day before his death only, he had been arranging with his aunt (to whom he was much attached) and a common friend, to purchase for him a pony, for the purpose of riding now and then for exercise. On that evening, the last which he spent with his family, he sat by the fire, heavy and dozing, now and then seeming completely lost; and at one time particularly asked his aunt, Mrs. Liverseege, what was the day of the month. After that he said, "Aunt, if anything should happen to me, take care of all my pencil sketches, for they are valuable." During the day, he felt uneasy and unsettled, and could not paint. However, he went to rest at his usual hour, and of course nothing fatal was apprehended.

On the morning of the 13th of January, not finding him down at the

time which he was wont to make his appearance, Mrs. Liverseege went up to his room, and seeing him apparently calm and sound asleep, would not disturb him. A long time afterwards she again went up, and looked at him very closely, and thought his countenance had somewhat altered: fancying that he had taken too much of his medicine, and not seeing him move, she became alarmed, and instantly sent for his medical man, who having applied restoratives, Liverseege became so far recovered, that he just opened his eyes; but instantly turned round, flung his arm across his chest, and died! without the least apparent pain or struggle. In the moment of expiring, his countenance was overspread with a dignity and nobleness of expression which astonished every one present. His mind and soul seemed visible, as they left the frail and mortal tenement of human existence.

At the *post mortem* examination, the immediate cause of death was clearly ascertained. The lungs of the deceased presented a curious appearance. The left lung, never having been exercised, had become a piece of solid muscle; and the right one in consequence became unusually large and distended, and the bursting of it caused his death. The remains of Henry Liverseege were consigned to their last resting-place on the 18th January, at Manchester, attended by many friends in the town, and by Mr. Vickers, jun. and Mr. Stephens, (a young sculptor and student of the Royal Academy,) from London.

On the 21st January appeared a brief memoir of Liverseege in a weekly periodical, written by Miss Jewsbury, a lady whose name is pretty well known to all readers of *Annuals* and periodicals. From a certain intimacy which existed between this lady and the family of Liverseege, and the circumstance of her having been presented by Liverseege himself with a very beautiful water-colour drawing of an aged falconer holding a hawk, a short time before his death, on which occasion she penned some pretty verses,—the relations and friends of the lamented artist had a right to anticipate from her something more than the mere fact of detailing a catalogue of his paintings;—they did expect from one who possessed such good opportunities of ascertaining the truth, as to the circumstances of his earlier life and the peculiar characteristics of his genius, something better than what the fair writer thought proper to offer to the world;—the memoir before alluded to therefore highly displeased the relations and friends of the deceased, as on many circumstances a wrong construction was placed, and some facts were not properly stated. On an intimate friend of Liverseege's writing to Miss Jewsbury, telling her of the inaccuracies and untruths mentioned in her memoir, the lady became offended, and has since thought

proper to return to the family the water-colour drawing before mentioned.—So much for the accuracies of the *Journal of Literature*!

The following is the passage alluded to as being incorrect in the memoir by Miss Jewsbury :—"He had neither connections nor fortune to smooth his path through the world. * * * * He even painted tavern signs for a mere trifle." The general reader on coming to this part would naturally imagine that Liverseege in his earlier years had to struggle with nearly overwhelming adversities,—so cruelly pressed indeed as to be obliged to paint "tavern signs for a mere trifle." But so far was he from being possessed of no "fortune to smooth his path through the world," that it is a fact which he always mentioned with feelings of gratitude, that although neglected by his father, he found one in his uncle, and a mother in his aunt; that he never wanted for anything; for that his necessities were always supplied, either as to pecuniary concerns or other matters. Be it understood, this is not stated to detract in the least from that industry and perseverance of mind which was one of his greatest characteristics; his genius was too elevated and noble to suffer itself to be subverted, because placed in comparatively affluent circumstances; this is proved very strongly, because the most brilliant success did not in the least tend to weaken his yearning for an immortal reputation, nor subdue the feverish anxiety of his high genius to endeavour to surpass each preceding work. As to his being obliged to paint "tavern signs for a mere trifle," that was not occasioned by any circumstances of necessity, but done as favours to the individuals who were acquainted with him; and for the 'Saracen's Head' his charge was about ten guineas.

Miss Jewsbury's opinions as to Liverseege's merits and defects are still more incorrect and erroneous;—for instance: "Perhaps it was in colour that we find his chief defect—not in harmony, but in respect of depth and richness." Why, what in the name of Heaven would she have, or what does she mean? It is acknowledged that his works possess "harmony" but not "richness!" This is a strange contradiction! for no painting can be harmonious, and yet at the same time devoid of richness: look for instance at the 'Spanish Gentleman,' now in the British Institution, and noticed at large in our memoir of the artist in our last. Can there be a more beautiful specimen of richness and depth of colour, combined with exquisite harmony? One would infer that the lady's idea of colouring consisted in the variety of colours introduced in a picture, and not in simplicity, which is the true colouring of nature. Her meaning of "depth" is equally erroneous. One would fancy that in her opinion blackness was depth. On the contrary, it is that transparency,

that subdued and harmonious brilliancy of tone, which should pervade the whole picture, such as is to be seen in Liverscege's own 'Spanish Gentleman,' and 'Recruit'; in the 'Lord Heathfield' of Reynolds, the 'Govartius' of Vandyke, the 'Jew' of Rembrandt, and the 'Blind Fiddler' of Wilkie. As to colour, then, we should say, that next to expression of character it forms one of the striking merits and characteristics of Liverscege.

As to the 'Recruit'*, it is a wonderful performance. Within that range of subjects nothing has been before produced anything approaching to it. The expression, attitude, and general air of the perplexed recruit; the "free and easy" and *nonchalance* bearing of the soldier—are most admirably and truly depicted, and no less the anxious and entreating attitude and look of the female. The painter has here introduced an incident that materially adds to the interest and beauty of the work; in the back-ground is represented an outer apartment wherein are two figures, an old woman, and an old infirm soldier whose shattered body and wooden leg tell the story of *his* life, and seems to form a moral to the 'Recruit.' This is a picture of larger dimensions than Liverscege had ever before painted, and contains also more figures than was his usual habit of introducing;—the painting of it is very clear and light, and the handling beautifully free.

The 'Sir John Falstaff,' left unfinished, was a commission from Mr. Hicks, for whom and his family Liverscege painted their portraits. Mr. Herond, of Manchester, bought his 'Hamlet and Mother,' and another work, 'Friar Tuck,' painted some time ago. The Duke of Devonshire gave him fifty guineas, instead of thirty as was stated by mistake in our last †.

Immediately upon his death being announced, one of the firm of Moon, Boys and Graves posted down to Manchester, and bought up everything that could be purchased; and it is the intention of that house to bring out a series of engravings from Liverscege's works. There will also shortly be a sale of all his paintings and sketches left behind, not already the property of others; although the time and place are not yet fixed upon. We should advise their being sent up to London, as being the grand emporium for such matters, where his wealthier admirers will be more likely to be present, than at Manchester.

* With all deference to the Directors of the British Institution, we think they might have hung this beautiful work in a better place.

† There was also a misprint of the name of Girtin, instead of Harlow, as the artist who died on the same day of the month as Liverscege, the 13th January.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Sir Thomas Lawrence gave permission to all young artists of respectability, at any time to see his gallery of paintings. Liverseege, when in London, took frequent opportunities of going; and one day, while strolling about the room, he was surprised by the entrance of Sir Thomas, and at first a little perplexed: his uneasiness was soon dissipated by the kind manner in which he was addressed. The President asked what he was doing in the art, —how he got on,—took the trouble to remove some old canvasses, to show him other pictures; and finally told him, that when he wished to send his probationary drawing to the Academy, to come to him for the Academician's recommendatory letter. Of portraits of Liverseege it is not known that any were ever completely finished for which he sat. Some little time before his death, he gave one sitting to Mr. Bradley of Manchester; and that gentleman has since finished one from recollection, but wisely has not touched the one first mentioned. His friend Mr. Stephens was to have modelled his bust, when he should have come up to London; and he also has now completed one from recollection, and by the assistance of a cast taken after death by Mr. Bradley. With respect to the portrait which appeared with our last Number, although he sat for it, it would have been more highly finished, had there been the slightest idea that we should so soon have lost him; and rough as it is, it bears a vivid resemblance, especially the forehead and eyes, that peculiar strong and anxious expression, and firmness of the mouth. It was taken one evening, when himself and three or four others were all sitting together in high glee and merriment. Liverseege then drew the likeness of the friend by whom his sketch was taken, in return—a very masterly drawing in chalk, and correct as to likeness.

The mind of Liverseege was highly imbued with the feeling for dramatic poetry, for subjects of banditti, gloomy caverns, deep ravines, rocks, and suchlike designs: these formed the chief enjoyments of his boyhood, and for them he conceived a feeling carried, we might almost say, to perfection at the moment of his death. His style is thoroughly original; for no artist of the English school has ever yet embodied in similar designs, such high delicacy and refinement of feeling, such beautiful combinations of form and effect. He gained his rapid and masterly handling, and knowledge of the principles of the art, not by academic rules, nor by continual drawing from statues and busts,—for such detail he was much too impetuous; but by his unceasing and persevering practice of painting everything, whether an original design or not, and making the copy almost a work of his own. The practice also of painting every figure, coloured drapery, and all the miscellaneous articles,

ever introduced in his designs from the objects themselves, is another cause of his paintings possessing that beautiful identity of nature which forms so great a characteristic of their truth and enhancement of their value.

Some artists there are, who cannot subdue a certain appearance of the model, in whatever work they undertake; but it is the enviable characteristic of Liverseege, that he made the model only the medium for the exuberant sportings and playfulness of his mind and genius, for a foundation whereon but to erect the creations of a vivid and poetical imagination.

Besides modelling the figure of the Black Dwarf for the design which he painted from that story, he also modelled two figures for his painting of 'Hudibras in the Stocks with Ralpho,' in which he was materially assisted by his friend Mr. Stephens, who pointed out to him the manner in which the clay should be worked, and lent him his modelling tools. Furthermore, to show the anxiety and nicety with which he always prepared to paint the design of any subject,—in addition to the modelled creations of Butler's humour, he had stocks made purposely to fit the two figures. And still more to show the acuteness of his perception, which never suffered the most minute circumstance that in the least could add to the humour and meaning of his designs to be omitted, he hit upon the following happy thought:—the stocks having but four holes, and Hudibras, being the greater man, he made him occupy the greater proportion of the stocks, and consequently left but one hole for his man Ralpho, which was done by leaving a vacant hole between the feet of Hudibras.

This picture was one of his first in the dramatic style, exhibited and sold at the Birmingham Institution; the success of which at once determined him to follow it, in preference to portrait-painting. Previous to this, he always experienced great hesitation at the thought of launching out into another department of the art, wherein he saw but doubtful success, and in which style so many had failed. This was the diffidence of high genius; of a mind aspiring, yet not arrogant; ambitious, yet not overbearing. It is unfortunate for the fame of this lamented artist that his existence should not have been extended sufficiently long to have enabled the public duly to appreciate him for the number as well as for the innate excellence of his works.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

[Continued from p. 147.]

It is happily not needful to visit Italy to see the works of Claude Lorraine, as it is generally understood that England possesses many of his finest productions. Those in this collection are varied in size and style, and highly interesting; and as few critics in art have ever claimed for this justly celebrated painter the merit of boldness or invention, it is perhaps unfair to compare his works with the vigorous productions of more original minds. He appears to have been an industrious artist, for his works are met with in every collection of eminence; but it is probable, as there is nothing in his style beyond the reach of imitation, (having been himself but a beautiful imitator of nature,) that many spurious pictures bearing his name have passed current as genuine.

Few persons, we suspect, would now wish to paint precisely as Claude painted. Although the very high degree of beauty in touch and composition which characterize his works, and their frequent perfect representation of LIGHT and AIR, cannot fail to furnish delightful food for contemplation, and are well worthy the attentive study of the landscape painter,—one wishes that his hand and pencil had been more free and careless. But if the tale be true that his first inspiration was caught from some young students at Rome, whom he served in a menial capacity, we cannot but admire and do justice to his great merit in having raised himself, in spite of the disadvantages of obscure birth and want of education, to a place in the foremost rank of painters since the revival of the art.

The National Collection possesses ten pictures by this favourite master; five of which formed part of the Angerstein collection; four were presented by Sir George Beaumont; and one bequeathed by the Rev. Mr. Carr. Of these, the small pictures, No. 41 and 67, both from the Beaumont collection, appear to us the most attractive, and carry with them the fullest conviction of their originality*. His larger works are seldom free from a sleepy tameness of effect, which nothing but the exquisite delicacy and transparency of their tone and colour could redeem; and from which these are quite free. His figures, too, seldom fail to detract from the purity of sentiment which his scenes are

* It is not intended by this to express any doubt of the genuineness of the other pictures, but to point out that they possess invention and novelty, and something of original feeling, as distinguished from those Claudes (the very numerous class) which are merely beautiful imitations.

sure to inspire;—a defect of which, it is said, he was himself fully sensible.

The picture of 'Narcissus and Echo', No. 44, is a richer specimen of tone and colour than is usually met with from the hand of this master, with whom delicate tints and graceful forms seem to have been especial favourites. The aerial tenderness of his distances has not been equalled since his day; and in this respect, (if the pleasantry be pardonable,) he has *distanced* all competitors. The sea-ports and sunsets, with seas that seldom harmonize, of which we have seen so many imputed to him, we but seldom admire, though they sometimes possess that deliciously fresh and breezy look and effect, which was his peculiar forte, they being subjects also to which it would appear he was himself attached, and on which much of his high reputation is founded.

The large 'Landscape', No. 81, has been long and deservedly held in high estimation, and the extensive grasp of nature which it embraces is depicted with a master's hand. It is, in short, most beautifully wrought in every part; and though the usual set forms of his trees, his tall thin towers, and almost as tall figures, at first sight remind the eye of his imperfections, the feeling of dissatisfaction is speedily forgotten in the contemplation of the rich variety of the scene; the beautiful harmony of the party, and the tenderness and grace which pervade the whole composition. We should have called this *par excellence*, 'The Pastoral Landscape.' There is a peculiarly striking effect observable in this very fine picture if attentively dwelt on, with a varying morning light, which actually appears to pass in changeful hues over the scene; probably from its containing so large a portion of light, so much tender and true local colour, and no black shadows.

There are three pictures, Nos. 84, 100, and 103, of the class we like the least; consisting of a vista of sea stretching out towards a central sun, with a converging line of buildings or ships right and left; which, however skilfully or tastefully painted, partake not of the picturesque either in composition or effect: the two first are almost counterparts of the same plan. The 'St. Ursula' we think by far the finest of the three, worthy indeed of the highest praise; but the effect of each appears to suffer by their similarity and the sameness of the subjects. The No. 89 is a very charming and brilliant rocky landscape, and not at all the better for the figures that are introduced. A degree of spirit seems to pervade this picture that is seldom found in the works of Claude, owing perhaps to the brightness and quantity of positive colour, and the more than usual nearness of the principal objects.

The 'Pastoral Landscape,' No. 104, is, we think, least attractive of

the whole; but if there be more Claudes in the kingdom like the 'Narcissus' and the 'Death of Procris', for tone and colour, we would go far to see them.

Several of these pictures bear the date of his middle of what may be considered his prime, of life; and as, from the circumstances under which he commenced his career, and the laboriousness of his manner, we may conclude that his progress was slow, his latest pictures might be supposed to be his best. He attained the good old age of fourscore, and was undoubtedly a painter of the highest class of merit that laborious study, a cultivated taste, and devotion to his art, can entitle him to; it is perhaps not too much to say, that the impression of his works exists more or less strongly on the minds of *all* his successors in landscape painting. There is nothing however of the fire and stretch of genius in his works. Whilst aspiring students despair of reaching the excellencies of Titian or Rembrandt, many have allowed themselves to think that they could make a fair stand in comparison with Claude Lorraine. Our own Turner has occasionally surpassed him.

He is *finely* called "*Claudio Lorenese*," we perceive, in the printed Catalogue now sold at the gallery, and which we must confess we thought dear at the price.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

THOMAS CASTELL, Prior of Durham in the beginning of the 16th century, repaired the eastern gateway of this cathedral, erected a chapel over it, dedicated to St. Helena, and also restored the north window of the cathedral. He was buried in the nave of that church.

JOHN PENY, Abbot of Leicester, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, erected, according to Leland, *brick* buildings at Leicester Abbey. He died in 1520.

EDMUND AUDLEY, successively Bishop of Rochester, Hereford and Salisbury, Canon of Windsor in 1472, built chantries in Hereford and Salisbury in 1502; made some alterations in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, and also built a library over the Congregation-house in that University. Previous to his death he caused a most sumptuous chantry chapel to be raised for himself on the north side of the choir of his own church, and erected another, but dissimilar chapel in the cathedral of Hereford. He died 1524.

WILLIAM BIRDE, Prior of Bath, carried on the buildings of Bath Ab-

bey Church, begun by Bishop King, and erected a beautiful monumental chapel in the choir. (See Britton.) He died 1525.

ROBERT ELYOT, whose name is omitted in Willis's list, and who died in 1526, has the vague merit of being *builder* of the upper part of the church of St. Augustine's the Less, or the ancient Bristol Cathedral.

MARMADUKE HUBY, Abbot of Fountain's Abbey from 1494 to 1526, according to Leland, built a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary on the site of the Abbey of Ripon.

RICHARD FOX, Bishop of Winchester, 1522. This prelate was distinguished for considerable ability in the study of architecture, and was the continuer of the works of Wykeham and Waynfleet in Winchester Cathedral. He added, says Dallaway, to the fund established by Cardinal Beaufort, and *determined* to give a new exterior structure to the choir of Winchester Cathedral. Britton conceives that the works erected by him are the two turrets of the eastern extremity of the presbytery of Winchester Cathedral, with the magnificent window between them, and the whole of the ornamental wall over it, terminating with an elegant tabernacle, ornamented by the pelican, his favourite emblem, and containing his statue in stone, &c. His own chauntry is a masterpiece of its kind. Of the architectural works of this Bishop Fox, Dr. Milner, his biographer, thus speaks: "We cannot fail in particular of admiring the vast, but well proportioned and ornamented arched windows which surround the eastern part of the cathedral at Winchester and give light to this sanctuary;—the bold and airy flying buttresses that stretch over the side aisles support the upper walls; the rich open battlements which surmount these walls, and the elegant sweep that contracts them to the size of the great eastern window;—the two gorgeous canopies which crown the extreme turrets; and the profusion of elegant carved work that covers the whole east front, tapering up to a point, where we view the breathing statue of the pious founder, resting upon his chosen emblem, the pelican. In a word, neglected and mutilated as this work has been during the course of three centuries, it still warrants us to assert, that if the whole cathedral had been finished in the style of this portion of it, the whole island, and perhaps all Europe, could not have exhibited a gothic structure to equal it. Britton seems to think that this prelate built Bath and Wells Cathedrals. There is a singular passage in Speed, which seems to transfer the credit of the design of King Henry VIIth's chapel to the King himself and Bishop Fox. After speaking of the Savoy Hospital, and the six religious houses built by Henry the VIIth, he says, "Of his (Henry VIIth's) building also was Richmond Palace, (built in the Burgundian style, according to Dallaway,) and that most beautiful

peece, the chappel at Westminster, which forms of more curious and exquisite building he and Bishop Fox (as it is reported) learned in France, and thence brought with them to England." This peculiar architecture (the Burgundian) was effectually promoted by Henry VII., whose enormous wealth enabled him to undertake the most sumptuous buildings; and in most instances his avarice directed that they should not be paid for till after his death. By his executors in the early part of his son's reign, the chapels of Westminster, King's College Cambridge, and Windsor, were completed. King Henry VIII. contributed nothing. Bishop Fox died in 1528.

JOHN ISLIP, Abbot of Westminster, 1500, accompanied by Henry VII. and his ministers, in January 1502-3, laid the first stone of that monarch's chapel in Westminster Abbey; the stone of which was brought from Huddersstone quarry in Yorkshire; and the expense of building this chapel amounted to 14,000*l.* furnished afterwards from the royal treasury. Islip was treasurer and paymaster of this building, the Prior of St. Bartholomew being master of the works. The two western towers of the abbey were erected under his direction, but not at his expense:—may we not therefore conclude from this, that he really made the designs? It is stated in the histories of Westminster Abbey, that those seven exquisite niches above, with canopies of great taste and excellent workmanship, in Islip's chapel or burial-place, was the work of the abbot, from the rebus of his name being carved there, namely a hand holding a slip *. Further to the east is another specimen of these exquisite niches and triple canopies, with their minute ribs, foliages and other ornaments, with a row of quatrefoils at the base. That this was the work of Islip may be presumed from a continuation of his rebus. Hacket, in the Life of Bishop Williams, is incorrect when he says that Islip was one of the executors of Henry VII., for this is contradicted in the will of that monarch; although the King indeed about ten days before his death delivered to him 5000*l.* for the purpose of finishing the chapel. Abbot Islip died May 12, 1532, and was buried in his chapel with great pomp; the Richmond and Lancaster heralds attending the ceremony, which lasted two days, the Lord Windsor being chief mourner.

THOMAS GOODRICH, Bishop of Ely, 1534, although a great destroyer of relics, &c. at the Reformation, expended large sums in building and embellishing his palace, particularly at Ely, where the long gallery re-

* Some authors call his rebus a hand and a slip: some an eye and a slip. We have never remarked this rebus, and 100 miles is too far for a pilgrimage for that purpose, for we have not Westminster Abbey by us!!

mains a proof his munificence. His arms are in the stonework of the bay-window of Ely Palace, towards the green.

WILLIAM GIBBS, the last prior of Bath Abbey Church, is supposed to have survived the Reformation several years, and continued to build that structure in 1534.

Having brought down the history or biography of those ancient architects who excelled in designs of the gothic or pointed style, we shall now take up our memoranda of those who succeeded them, and practised their profession, though perhaps in an imperfect manner, in the style of those Italian architects who arrived here under the liberal patronage of King Henry VIII., styled by Harrison, in his *Description of England*, as the only Phœnix of his time for fine and curious masonrie. The faculty of an artist at this period, (says Dallaway,) was to complete a palace; to plan and design it as an architect; to embellish it as an inventor of carvings and of patterns of tapestry and stained glass; to enrich the larger apartments with fresco paintings on the walls and ceilings, and the smaller with portrait and cabinet pictures. Such palaces had already risen under the royal auspices of Charles V. and Francis I. on the Continent; and our Henry spared neither solicitation nor expense to effect a similar purpose. It is certain, (says Walpole,) that the Gothic or pointed taste remained in vogue till towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. His father's chapel at Westminster is entirely of that manner; so is Wolsey's tomb-house, Windsor, previously erected at Windsor. But soon after, the Grecian style was introduced; and no wonder, when so many Italians were entertained in the King's service. They had seen that architecture revived in their own country in all its purity; but whether they were not perfectly masters of it, or that it was necessary to introduce the innovation by degrees, it certainly did not at first obtain full possession. It was plastered upon Gothic, and made a barbarous mixture. Regular columns with ornaments, neither Grecian nor Gothic, and half embroidered with foliage, were crammed over frontispieces, façades and chimneys, and lost all grace by wanting simplicity. This mongrel species of architecture lasted till late in the reign of James I. So far back as the reign of King Edward IV., a mode of building, of a new character of domestic architecture as applied to palatial structures, was introduced in our own country. In the middle of the 15th century, (for there are no satisfactory proofs of an earlier date,) under the auspices of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy (1419—1467), a peculiar invention of civil architecture appears to have originated, and was certainly much practised within his dominions; it may fairly be considered as a distinct mode, and denominated the "*Burgundian*." In

that prince's palace at Dijon, its features and discriminations were first exhibited, and these were carried to a higher degree of excellence in the Hall of Justice at Rouen, and likewise in similar edifices at Bruges, Brussels, Ghent, &c. The "*Maison de la Puselle*" at Rouen is an admirable specimen of the Burgundian domestic architecture. Our English architects soon adopted in part the Burgundian style, aided probably by the increasing intercourse between Flanders and England.

When any memorable change in the construction or ornament of any considerable castle or mansion-house took place, the novel mode of building was adopted by others; such a transition from rude and massive strength to light and picturesque decoration may be traced with scarce less certainty than in sacred architecture; and although so few instances remain, they are equally to be referred to their own æra. The Burgundian may be therefore considered as the true prototype (continues Dallaway) of our Tudor style, and as being merely confined to the two first reigns of that dynasty. A very principal innovation in the early Tudor style was the introduction of gate-houses, bay-windows, and quadrangular area, of which castles constructed for defence could not admit. As to their materials, free-stone or brick, they seem to have depended entirely upon the greater facility with which they might be acquired, and they were not unfrequently mixed. Trevisi and Holbein (see their articles) introduced both terracotta or moulded brickwork for rich ornaments and medallions, or bas reliefs fixed against the walls, plaster work laid over the brick wall, and sometimes painted as at Nonsuch, and square bricks of two colours highly glazed, and placed in diagonal lines, as at Layer Marney. The chimneys were clustered, and composed of columns twisted or wrought in patterns, with heads or capitals embossed with the cognizance of the founder, as at Thornbury castle and Woolterton manor-house. Gateways were considered as a great feature in all these edifices, and constructed with most expensive ornament; that at Whitehall, designed by Holbein, was composed of square glazed bricks of different colours, over which were appended four large circular medallions of busts, now preserved at Hatfield Peverel, Herts. It contained several apartments, but the most remarkable was the little study, called the New Library, in which Holbein was accustomed to employ himself in his art, and the courtiers to sit for their portraits. It was probably in this chamber that the well-known offence took place, of his resentment of an affront offered to him by a nobleman, and which is related by all the biographers of this great artist. The gateways at Hampton Court and Woolterton afford similar specimens. The bay-window, or projecting window between two but-

tresses, and frequently placed at the end of the mansion, were invented a century at least before the Tudor age*, in which they were usually composed of divisions made by right angles and semicircles placed alternately, as may be seen in the buildings of King Henry VIII. at Windsor, and at Thornbury Castle. Those at the upper end of the great halls were brought from the ceiling to the floor, and were of a more simple and regular form: these were used for the display of plate in cupboards on gala days. (See Dallaway's Walpole, vol. i. p. 226.) As an interior decoration, carved wainscoting, generally of oak, in panels, were introduced into halls, and also with great nicety, both of design and execution, into parlours and presence chambers, in which were abundance of cyphers, cognizances, chimeras, and mottoes. These ornaments prevailed in the splendid castles built in France about the age of Francis I., and were called "*boisseries*." The hall and other chambers of the dilapidated mansion of the Lords la Warre, at Hالنacre Sussex, still retain some singularly curious specimens. The area or court was quadrangular, and besides the great staircase near the hall, there were several hexangular towers containing others. These usually occurred in each angle of the great court, and, exceeding the roof in height, gave a very picturesque effect to the whole pile of building, and grouped with the masses of the lofty and richly ornamented chimneys. By these peculiarities, the æra of the earlier Tudor style may be discriminated from that prevalent in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of which we shall speak in the proper place. And here we must alter the title of our collections, by leaving out the word ANCIENT, and take up our notices as "*The Lives of English Architects*" only; under which head we shall, in our next Number, commence our architectural memoir, and in which the reader will continue to find particulars of many early and late architects, not mentioned in the "*Cyclopædias*," and the "*Libraries*," the "*Readings made Easy*" of the day. But *popular authors* have no time or taste for laborious research; they disdain to plunge into the documents which illustrate the lives of early artists, and only prefer writing those memoirs which will easily pour out from a bottle into a phial—all which, saves a *monstrous deal of trouble*!!!†

* In John of Gaunt's palace at Lincoln, built in 1390, there still remains a most beautiful oriel window, the corbel which supports it having most elaborate sculpture in distinct panels.

† From this charge however we may except Mr. Collier's *Annals of the Stage and Dramatic Poetry*; the research in the compilation of which introduced him to letters and other documents of Shakspeare and the early poets, which had never been seen by the *Reeds* and the *Steevens*, and other able pioneers which went before him. Such an indefatigable collection of facts as Mr. Collier's was worthy of such a recompence.

Among the several Italian architects patronised by Henry VIII., we begin with JEROME DI TREVISI, of whom little can be said of his productions as an architect. He was both painter and engineer, and as of the former profession is mentioned in Ridolphi's *Lives of the Painters*; some sketches of sieges at that time, probably by his hand, are preserved in a book in the Cotton Library. But he is said to have built some houses here. (See Dallaway's *Walpole*, and *Felibien*, vol. ii. p. 71.) Trevisi was killed at the siege of Boulogne, while attending King Henry VIII. as his engineer, at the age of 36; but the architect to whom Walpole imagines Holbein was indebted for the introduction of regular architecture, was JOHN OF PADUA, whose very office seems to intimate something novel in his practice; he was termed *Devizer of His Majesty's buildings*, which implies likewise, (says Mr. Dallaway,) that he had the sole and exclusive appointment. Henry VIII. had then completed his palaces, and little more could have been done before the death of that king, in 1547. John of Padua is also mentioned in Rhymer's *Fœdera*, on the grant of a fee of 2s. a day; and this grant was renewed to him in the 3rd of Edward VI. From the first warrant it appears that he was not only an architect but a musician, a profession remarkably acceptable to Henry. Walpole mentions several places as *not* of his hand: but of this *information* we shall not avail ourselves; we shall rather adopt Mr. Dallaway's more elucidatory matter, who says, John of Padua enjoyed the patronage of the Protector Somerset, for whom, in 1549, he designed and built his great palace in the Strand; the walls only were finished when the duke was led to the scaffold, in 1552. It is said to have abounded in ornaments of Roman architecture, and greatly to have resembled the mansion of Long Leat, Wiltshire, which was begun by Sir John Thynne in 1567, and, according to a received tradition, under the superintendence of John of Padua. The design, likewise, of the "Gate of Honor," at Caius College Cambridge, has been attributed to him by Mr. Wilkins, architect, in *Mon. Vetusta*, vol. iv., begun in 1572. These facts being allowed, it is certain that John of Padua came to England in the early part of his life, and practised his profession to a good old age. JOHN SHUTE was sent in 1550 to study in Italy, by John Dudley duke of Northumberland, with an intention of employing him upon his return in constructing a palace. Shute, in 1563, published the first scientific book upon architecture which had appeared in our language.

Sir RICHARD LEE, or LEIGH, architect also to Henry VIII., had much celebrity in his time, but chiefly excelled in Gothic, from whence (says Walpole) it is clear that the new taste was also introduced. He was master mason and master of the pioneers in Scotland. Henry

gave him the manor of Sapewell, Herts. His grant of the demesne and site bears date in 1539. His pedigree is given in Clutterbuck's Herts, vol. i. p. 105. Sir Richard Lee bestowed a brazen font on the church of Verulam or St. Albans, within a mile of which place, out of the ruins of the abbey, he built a seat called Lee's Place. The font was taken in the Scottish wars, and had served for the christening of the royal children of that kingdom: a pompous inscription was engraved on it by the donor, viz. "*LÆUS VICTOR sic voluit A.D. 1543.*" (See Camb. Brit.) This font was stolen in the civil wars. Mr. Dallaway, in his excellent notes on Walpole, thinks this Sir Richard Lea, or à Lee, with greater probability excelled as an engineer or military architect; he was certainly so employed by his royal master, as Jerome da Trevigi had previously been.

Walpole, who says he might have been assisted in his architectural profession by Jerome de Trevigi, mentions no work which Lee completed as a civil architect. His portrait was in existence in Walpole's time. (See *Lives of Architects*, by this author.)

HECTOR ASHLEY appears, (says Walpole,) by one of the office books, which he has quoted, to have been much employed by Henry VIII. in his buildings, but whether as an architect or merely supervisor does not appear. But in the space of three years, it appears about 1900*l.* were paid to him on account of buildings at Hunsden-house, Herts; built principally by Henry VIII. for the reception of his children. Though much reduced, this mansion still retains its ancient appearance.

Holmby-house was one of our earlier productions in regular architecture, and by part of the frontispiece lately standing appeared to be of a very pure and beautiful style; the date is 1583. Wollaton-hall, in Northamptonshire, was perhaps of the same hand. The porch of Charlcot-house, the seat of the Lucys, is in the same style; and at Kenilworth was another with the arms of Dudley earl of Leicester. These buildings, of the same period, cannot with certainty be appropriated to any of the preceding artists, although they may have been produced by one of them, or even may be the work of the subject of our next article.

[To be continued.]

PRACTICAL REMARKS ON PAINTING.—No. III.

ON COPYING.

To the present day it remains a dubious point for every writer on painting to argue, whether the principle of copying the superior works of others is advantageous to the progress of the Art, beneficial for the dissemination of taste, and calculated to guide and advance the genius of the student: or whether it does not, on the contrary, rather tend to scatter throughout the world spurious imitations of good works, and is thereby likely to generate a false character and estimation for the great masters, as well as pander to the mercenary feelings of dealers, and trammel the mind of the student, so that he would be more likely to descend into mannerism. Now there is much that might be said in favour and against every one of the above premises; but our chief aim is not to confuse the student by suppositions and controversies, but to point out to him the real advantages to be derived from copying, and how and in what manner those benefits are to be accomplished.

To render therefore the study of copying of the utmost essential utility and advantage to himself, something stronger and more elevated in feeling must govern the mind of the student, than the mere desire of making a fac-simile of his original. Other faculties beside the hand must be brought into action; the powers of his mind must be concentrated, not on the surface of the art, but on its principles. Supposing then that a first-rate historical work—for instance, Raphael's Cartoon of the 'Death of Ananias'—should be the object of his study; he will observe that the tale and moral of that awful event is portrayed with all the power, force, and truth, to the fullest length of which the art is capable; that no language, however vivid, eloquent, or graphic, could develop its meaning with more clearness or perspicuity. Having reached so far, he must next endeavour to find out by what combination of forms, or style of arrangement, the painter was enabled to produce so wonderful a decision and meaning in his painting. He will discover that the essentials of its power are simplicity of design, and avoidance of artificial effect, either in colouring or disposition of the figures. The eye on beholding the picture is riveted to the noble and dignified forms of St. Paul and Peter on the platform in the centre; from this point the interest and beauty of the plot branches off to the right and the left, demonstrated by the group on the left engaged in counting money, and on the right the entrance of Sapphira, who is apparently absorbed with

avaricious feelings, which render her unconscious of the situation and fate of her husband in the foreground, whose writhing body is quivering with the last agonies of death. If, then, an artist were to set to work to copy this Cartoon, with a feeling only of merely imitating the various forms, colour, and shade introduced, without attempting to discover the foundation and principles of its structure,—in what way could it be said that that individual advanced himself in an intellectual sense? And if that *ultimatum* forms not the acme of all an artist's yearnings, by what other medium can he progress towards excellence? For what painter has ever yet commanded the homage of posterity, whose works contain not the essence of mind?

After having carefully analysed the principles of the composition of the Cartoon as to its forms and arrangement, the next step is the colouring. The student need not here to be informed that historical works depend upon form and expression; less on colouring, and nothing on contrast, either of light and shade, or colour: thus it is in every work of Raphael's. Two, and at the very utmost four, constitute the whole number of colours ever introduced by him,—blue, red, yellow, and brown; therefore the student will perceive that what in art is meant by *colouring*, would, if mixed in historic painting, essentially deteriorate from its simplicity and grandeur; and which can only be properly embodied in a style that does not wholly depend upon power and force of expression, either of the countenance or action, but more on the magic of effect and exuberance of colouring.

The effect, then, which the copying of paintings of an elevated character and style ought to have on the mind of the student, should be a fixed determination on his part to carry its influence into every work that may proceed from his studio: he must, however, in so doing, exercise a nice discretionary power, so that he descend not into the character of a pedant, such as can talk on no subject but what is classical, and who on every possible occasion is anxious to display the vast acquirements of classical learning by his readiness of quotation: the artist must therefore avoid, if his style is other than history, introducing attitudes and actions that are not appropriate to his subject or composition; although, it is true, compositions of domestic life and manners interest and charm the mind and eye, by the very truth of resemblance to nature; yet experience has shown that even in this department the variety of style and method of treating it are divided into the elevated and refined, the vulgar and gross. We need but allude to the Dutch and Flemish masters to strengthen our meaning; for in many of their paintings, not even the magic of colour and splendid *chiar'-oscuro*, can retrieve the abominations

and obscenities represented by them. To what can be ascribed this their only fault, but their being unacquainted with the historical works of the Italians, to tutor their minds, and give them a knowledge of other scenes and forms not immediately around them? On the other hand, when we look to English painters of domestic life, how different is their treatment of it! What a vast contrast is there not exhibited between a 'Merry-making' by Teniers, and a 'Village Festival' by Wilkie! The subject and style are the same; but how refined is the treatment of it by the latter compared to the former! Again, Mulready, Leslie, Knight, and Landseer, each portray scenes of familiar life; but where is the man who can object to them on the score of grossness or vulgarity of style?

Such is the influence and effect which we would desire should be embodied and perceptible in the works of every artist, no matter what may be his style; that he may possess the feelings and ability to elevate every thing and every object that he portrays, not in a medium of mock heroic grandeur and affectation, but by a refinement of the mind, an expanded feeling of ideas, that shall make him the judge between what is beautiful and what is gross. Our object in advocating this principle, is caused by the conviction we feel, that by this means only can the painter obtain a knowledge and insight into what is truly beautiful and excellent in art; consequently, when his mind has become elevated by the study of greatness, the painting in a lower style will be the more easily accomplished; for to ascend is at all times more difficult than to descend.

The foregoing remarks are chiefly intended to demonstrate the influence that ought to actuate the artist in his feelings and mind: our future observations will be more practical, and directed to the studying of the composition, colour, light and shade, and *chiar'-oscuro*, of the original, which the student may be copying. We will take first, for an illustration, Teniers. Before commencing, however, the artist should first interrogate himself to something like the following: Why is it that I copy Teniers? what peculiar excellence is there in his style? And if he is not conscious of what are really the excellences of that painter, his improvement will be very confined, or questionable, if he improves at all. The beauties and merits of Teniers consist in the truth and individuality of every object that he portrays; consummate skill in the arrangement and composition of his pictures, especially his Interiors; combined with a principle of colouring, clear, rich, and free from the least effort at artificial or forced effects, and a method of working, broad, square, and rapid. Whether in his landscapes or figures, the same

beauties and excellences pervade them. The artist therefore, when copying this master, should not be so anxious on the point of merely imitating every touch and tint, at the same time that he is painting in his own individual style; but his chief and greatest aim should be to endeavour to paint his copy on the exact system and principles which was practised by the master of his original.

We have seen artists copying who have produced the most perfect resemblance to their originals, and for this gained the highest approbation; but we find these copyists invariably form the worst painters when dependent on their own abilities: this arises from their blindly imitating the effect without inquiring into the cause, thus perverting the benefits to be derived from copying, which should be not the crushing of all originality, but rather form the fountain-head from which originality ought to spring. On this principle acted Reynolds; and in nearer times Bonington, Wilkie, Liverseege, &c. Like the bee, which gathers the essence of its honey from every varied *parterre*, so should the artist glean knowledge from every known style of painting, which he should fashion to be subservient to his inquiring mind, and form the basis on which his own superstructure is to be erected. Copying ought to be the medium on which originality should be founded, and is distinct from imitation,—a branch of the art before treated*.

It is not now necessary that we should enter minutely into practical remarks on every painting which may be copied, because the observations before made with respect to Teniers will likewise apply to any other master, whether Ostade, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, or Correggio. However, at the expense of being charged with tautology, we repeat, that to copy for the intention of adding to your improvement, you must always endeavour to paint your copy in the same manner and method as the original; and apart from this, you must at the same time possess a perfect insight into the knowledge and system of your particular master's style of composition, colouring, light and shade, and *chiar'-oscuro*. You must know that the colouring of Teniers is of a silvery tone, thin as to body, and pencilled in with sharp light touches. Ostade is warmer, and more glowing. Rembrandt deep, and brilliant. Of all the copyists of this master among the English, and next to Reynolds, was Jackson, whose copies from Rembrandt's 'Jew Rabbi' in the National Gallery, and others from Reynolds, likewise were admirably close to the originals, because he practised the same handling, and worked on similar principles, as adopted and practised by those

* See Library of Fine Arts, vol. ii. p. 365.

masters. The colouring of Rubens is strong, and left on the canvas as clear and untouched as when taken from the palette. If copying Titian, the handling which is requisite for the imitation of Rubens will not be appropriate for the Venetian: the touches of Rubens are broad and clearly perceptible,—those of Titian mysterious and indefinite: his forms are made out by minute and laborious pencilling,—a principle carried to perfection by the genius of Correggio. The handling of Giorgione is closely assimilated to the earlier style of Titian; but when the latter had reached to excellence in the suffusion of his outline with the back-grounds, the former was still tainted with the hardness of drawing, though relieved by the beauty of colour and elegance of style. The 'Bacchus and Ariadne', in the National Gallery, displays more of the feeling and handling of Giorgione than the genius of Titian,—a conclusion rendered more decided and confident when compared to the 'Venus and Adonis', and 'Rape of Ganymede', by the latter, in the same room.

While on the subject of copying, we cannot but deeply lament that the Directors of the National Gallery should have been induced to have issued their *veto* against students copying in oils! This restriction appears the more extraordinary, when at the British Institution it is permitted. Such an obstacle at once renders the National Gallery utterly useless to many artists, who are not adepts in water-colours; and as to copying merely in chalk, it is next to being ruined to adopt such a system. This Gallery contains the finest painted head in the world (the 'Govartius'), to study which in oils would do more good to an artist than volumes of elementary or practical writings. This illiberality is but a poor return for the generous feeling of the French Government in permitting English artists to draw, copy in oil or water-colours, model, engrave or lithograph, from any painting or statue in the Galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg!

Having mentioned the British Institution, we have also a word or two to say concerning it. While, therefore, duly acknowledging the good feeling of the Directors in allowing the best productions of the English and old masters to remain during the autumn for the benefit of students to copy, yet it is a cause of great and well-merited complaint on the part of not a few of our most eminent young artists, that all advantages are marred by the system of indiscriminate admission to painters of both sexes, whose only claims to the honourable distinction of artists rest on their being in possession of easels and canvasses. Of the female part of these incongruous annual assemblages we would fain speak reverentially; yet the merits of the case, the question at issue, demand un-

finching truth to be stated: therefore we cannot help thinking that they rely too much on the general feeling of courtesy which is usually granted to their sex; for when newspaper critics laud their works, and award them attributes of high genius (as they are so ready to do), their natural vanity is too apt to take to themselves the very letter of the flowery rhapsodies, when in reality the gallantry of the critical gentlemen formed the only motive. We may not be far from the truth when we state, that many "lady painters" of the present day will prove in the end to have been but painters "by courtesy": and we would therefore advise all these young ladies, and "misses in their teens," for the future, no longer to "fret their hour" in the Galleries of the British Institution, National Gallery, or the British Museum, but assist their mammas in their more appropriate domestic duties at home, and use the paint only at the toilet. At the British Institution especially they are sure to monopolize the best situations; and what with amplitude of petticoat and gowns, bows, and "'beg your pardons," an artist who really is desirous of studying a picture is wholly engaged in making apologies for treading on their toes, or nearly thrusting his maulstick in their faces, or canvasses! Next to the ladies come the "Geniuses" in innumerable swarms, who fancy themselves "Raphaels, Correggios and stuff," because they wear caps and open shirt collars. How these "puling" youngsters get admittance is extraordinary; for even granting they possess talent, at their age they had much better be under Mr. Sass, or other masters of drawing, than dabbling and wasting colours and canvasses, and taking up room which could be more profitably occupied by their "betters". These two nuisances, then, completely preclude the real artist from deriving that essential benefit from one of the principles of the Institution,—to copy; an advantage that occurs only once in a twelvemonth, and which forms so powerful a medium for the improvement and advancement of every artist of real talent.

In the first paragraph of this article we stated several questionable points, as to the beneficial effects of copying; one of them we have now endeavoured to support,—the copying for improvement in the art. Of other uses to which this advantage may be applied, nothing more can be said, than that, to a skilful copier, certainly, the world must always be highly indebted for preserving to them the fac-similes of great works, the originals of which are destroyed, or are accessible only to one class of people. On this account, to the admirable copy of Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' by Marco Uggione, we owe its being known in England, (now the property of the Royal Academy; but for this copy it would have been known only through the medium of engraving, as the original

is now all but destroyed. To this same power also are the students of the Royal Academy indebted for the copies of the 'Cartoons' of Raphael, by Sir James Thornhill, the originals of which can only be seen at Hampton Court Palace, and at a tax that renders them all but impossible for a student to view, much more to study.

As to the other question,—that copying may lead to the dissemination of bad imitations of good works,—while admitting the truth of the query, every one will perceive the impossibility of defining any particular intervention against its practice, other than that much will always depend on the perception and knowledge of the observer and amateur, to detect the spurious from the original. To render, however, this knowledge of easy attainment to the man of taste, nothing will so much assist him as in being conversant in some degree with the principles of the art. Let not this startling assertion frighten the amateur! Be assured, that by being acquainted with the intellectual foundations of the art, so much the higher will he esteem that work which more immediately sympathizes with his feelings; the more likely will he be enabled to distinguish between genius and arrogant mediocrity, and the better will he be guarded against the impositions of dealers. It is on this account artists experience such indescribable feeling and enthusiasm for masterly efforts of genius by their contemporaries; as, indeed, unenviable must be the mind of that artist who is not cheered and excited at the sight of a beautiful painting by a brother painter!

Thus we have brought to a conclusion our observations on a very peculiar branch of the Fine Arts,—a department which all the greatest masters have always scrupulously attended to, and by which they laid the foundation and raised the superstructure of their style and originality. Let not, therefore, the students of the nineteenth century imagine that they shall be able to achieve that immortality of reputation gained by their great and illustrious predecessors, without also treading in the track of their severe principles of studying. When the fire of genius burns with vigour, and is aided by enthusiasm, "wounds may be laughed at," and nothing shall be insurmountable: "mountains" shall be as "mole-hills," and Time but a span. Genius is the pupil of Nature, but must first be trained by rules, and excited to success by approbation and reward.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

BEFORE we speak of the splendid and very extensive publication recently commenced by Champollion and Professor Rossellini, to illustrate the history and antiquities of Egypt and Arabia, we must be permitted to indulge in a few, perhaps, somewhat gratuitous remarks of our own, on the not-very-flattering contrast we perceive in this country to such laudable zeal and enterprize. England has undoubtedly done much for the study of antiquity, in such publications as those of the Dilettanti Society, and a few others; but at the present moment the direction and tendencies of art among us are by no means of the most elevated kind. Exceptions there undoubtedly are; but we are now speaking of the general mass of productions, and more especially of that class which come under the description of publications, and therefore afford a better criterion of the general taste than pictures and other *autograph* productions which are limited to individual purchasers. Our ambition just now seems to be confined to the pretty, the tasteful, and the elegant. To the truly refined and intellectual we do not aspire. We have tasteful book-plates, pretty annuals, albums, scrap-books, drawing-books, and so forth; pretty furniture prints; portraits of actresses and opera dancers, of celebrated men or celebrated horses, as may be; pretty steel or lithographic prints;—in short, the popular is the pretty, and the pretty is the popular. Now and then, indeed, there certainly appears a work of sterling merit, something from the burin of Burnet and his compeers. Still there is, upon the whole, a lack of high enterprize, which is not the less to be regretted, because it is not very difficult to be accounted for,—namely, by an insufficient demand on the part of the public for works of a superior class; and too much of mere shopkeeper feeling on the part of dealers, who look principally to smallness of outlay and quick return of profits.

We do not speak so much in anger, as in sorrow; neither should we be at all displeased to be convinced of having fallen into error, and to have our charges refuted. We do not exactly censure individuals; we do not say that dealers and publishers ought to speculate without a fair prospect of success: we do not, however, on that account, see with less regret a certain triviality pervading that department of the art which is employed in providing for the general market. The chief object seems to be to produce as cheap as possible. Kept within certain bounds the principle itself is a good one; still it may be carried too far, so as to produce injurious consequences ere we apprehend any mischief. The

present system is likely to operate disadvantageously in two ways:—by producing as cheap as possible, we certainly bring such works within the reach of a fresh class of purchasers; but we must at the same time accommodate the article to their tastes, which will hardly be the most discriminating or refined. We may, it is true, lift them up a little higher; but in order to do so, we must first lower ourselves in order to reach them. The second evil to be apprehended is, that publishers will be satisfied with their success in this way, and prefer catering for the “million,” among whom their cheap wares will find a ready sale, to engaging in works more deserving the name of Art, but from which less profit might be obtained, although the risk should be far greater. We saw it stated lately in a newspaper, that considerable fortunes had been made by manufacturers of common soap, while those who prepare the more costly kinds of that article have never been known to enrich themselves by their trade. This was mentioned as a proof how more prudent it is to look for consumers among the great bulk of the people, and to small profits upon an extensive concern, than to depend upon extraordinary profits, where the demand is but inconsiderable. The policy here suggested may be excellent in trade, but not very commendable or prudent in art. We cannot help suspecting, however, that it has to a certain extent been already adopted, and that it is now in operation. We shall probably be treated like Cassandra, and our apprehensions be ridiculed as idle and groundless.

Although we would be the last to encourage pedantical systems, and formal theories, we are inclined to think that in this country Taste is by far too empirical; founded not even upon intuitive feeling, but on mere liking or disliking, for which persons can assign only that most feminine or imperial reason: *sic volo, sic jubeo*. We possess very little relative to art that can be termed either criticism or erudition; nor do we seem at all inclined to supply the deficiency by borrowing from the bibliographical stores of our continental neighbours. The literature of Germany is particularly rich in works of this description; but with these the English public are altogether unacquainted. They may know the authors of ‘Nathan the Wise,’ ‘The Robbers,’ and the ‘Sorrows of Werter’: of Lessing, Schiller, and Goëthe, the æsthetical critics, they are totally ignorant. The writings of a Heinse, a Fernow, a Zoega, a Bottiger, a Hirt, a Stieglitz, a Ramdohr, a Rumohr, and many others, are hardly known here even by reputation. Our translators have no sympathy with them. That which is the least *important*, is with us the most *important*. Novels, and those mostly second and third rate ones, “raw head and bloody-bones” tales, and snivelling sentiment, are the

things best adapted to the English market; and are accordingly the chief articles in which our translators trade. Whatever relates to erudition, taste, and criticism, they consider a *noli me tangere*, unprofitable if not absolutely prohibited ware. Prince Puckler Muskau with his scandal has made more noise among us than Von Hammer, Von der Hagen, or Thiersch. Neither have any of our travellers and tourists done much to make us at all better acquainted with the actual state of literature and art upon the continent. For the most part they do but give us paraphrases of such books as Mrs. Starke's, interlarded with politics or small talk, the two opposite poles by which they steer their course. Their erudition is confined to bills of fare; their love of the *το καλον* exhibits itself in comments on pretty chamber-maids, and criticisms on well-turned ankles. Occasionally, indeed, they venture to play the historian for the nonce, and give us information that excites a respect for their industry, until we unluckily discover the same historical knowledge on our own bookshelves. We really fear that there is some truth in the assertion lately made by a writer in the Edinburgh Review (Mr. Thomas Carlyle), that our modern intellect is of the spavined kind, "all action and no go." So it is; nor is it any very great mystery how it comes to be so. We have so many ingenious contrivances for expediting the acquisition of knowledge, with the least possible trouble, that many of us seem to fancy the knowledge acquired must be in an inverse ratio to the pains taken to acquire it. There is a good deal of superstition remaining, even in this nineteenth century; it does not indeed look like the superstition of our ancestors, because it is altered after a new and more becoming fashion; at the worst, supposing we cannot establish its personal identity, it must certainly be allowed to be cousin-german to the other. This superstition discovers itself in the favourite and popular mode of exorcising ignorance, termed *lecturing*. A course of lectures furnishes a man with a competent stock of learning on any one subject for the rest of his life. Although the name is still retained, study itself is out of date, and nearly obsolete. We have a "reading public;" a studying public has not yet sprung up. By dint of curiosity rather than of patience, our readers will have arrived thus far, casting their eyes between whiles upon the title at the head of our pages, with a kind of reproachful admiration, and not without some suspicion of a very sad blunder on the part of the printer. All this they will say is anything but "German to the matter;" High Dutch it may be. We confess that we have been playing the truant in a wild manner, and do deserve some reproof for our wayward ramblings; nay, we will even plead guilty to the charge of being incorrigi-

ble vagrants and vagabonds. We do not pretend to vindicate or extenuate our *espiegleries*, in leading the reader such a Will-o'-the-wisp dance, and therefore shall submit with patience to have all our future papers cut up by him without mercy; all that we stipulate for is, that they be cut up by no other instrument than—a paper-knife.

Returning from our *excursus*, of which we wish only so much to be remembered as the reader himself may judge to be at all connected with what follows,—which will amount perhaps to no more than a single sentence; we shall now proceed very demurely to give what information we can respecting the new literary undertaking we have mentioned, and its origin. In the years 1828 and 1829, Professor Rossellini visited Egypt and Nubia, whither he had been sent by the reigning Grand-duke of Tuscany, and was in those countries at the same time as Champollion. The object of his mission was to make researches, and to study the sculptures and inscriptions extant on the monuments to be met with in that abode of antiquity. For this purpose he was accompanied by several skilful artists, who, under his direction, made drawings of all the most interesting remains of Egyptian and Nubian art. These new acquisitions promise to be highly important, and to make the learned world more intimately acquainted with the history of ancient Egypt, the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of its inhabitants, their religious culture, their learning and science, than has hitherto been done by preceding antiquaries, notwithstanding the zeal that has been displayed during the present century, in adding to what was previously known on the subject.

As the title of the publication is sufficiently expressive of its purport, and will also give some idea of its magnitude, we shall copy it at length: “*Les Monumens de l’Egypte et de la Nubie, considérés dans leur rapports avec l’histoire, la religion, et les usages civils et domestiques de l’ancienne Egypte; décrits d’après les recherches faites dans ces contrées durant les années 1828 et 1829, par les deux Commissions scientifiques Française et Toscane, et publiés sous les auspices des Gouvernemens de France et de Toscane par MM. Champollion jeune, et H. Rossellini; 400 planches, 10 volumes 8vo de texte, en 40 livraisons.*” The plates, which are of a large folio size, will partly be engraved on copper, and partly executed in lithography. Some of the subjects will also be coloured; and these, it is computed, will amount to about one hundred, or one-fourth of the entire number. It was at first the intention of Rossellini to have furnished the text of the work by himself, as Champollion did not then expect to be able to assist him in it; fortunately, however, the latter is now become his *collaborateur*, and this circum-

stance may not only be a material advantage in itself, and tend to expedite this truly herculean labour, but has occasioned some alterations in the original plan, which will render it more generally useful and acceptable.

It is proposed to arrange the whole into three grand divisions. The first of these will be illustrated by about 140 plates, the greater part of them coloured, which will be devoted to the civil life of the ancient Egyptians. The subjects thus explained will be as follows: bird-catching, fowling, and various species of birds; representations of various species of chase, hunters, hunting implements, &c.; different modes of fishing, and various species of fishes; taming of wild and training domestic animals; agriculture; tillage of vineyards and gardens; mechanic trades; domestic life; houses and furniture; cookery and meals; attendants, dress, &c.; music and dancing, with other diversions; commerce and navigation; military discipline and exercises, arms, &c.; judicial affairs; embalming of the dead, and funeral ceremonies.

The second division will contain all the historical antiquities and documents arranged in chronological order, from the period of the earliest dynasties to the reign of Cæsarion, the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra; also some account of the various nations of both Asia and Africa, to be met with upon Egyptian monuments. In the text to this portion of the work, different passages of Greek and Roman authors referring to the earlier history of Egypt, or applying to the events recorded upon the monuments themselves, will be cited and compared together, by which means it is probable some new results will be obtained.

The third division is to describe the religious culture and ceremonies of the Egyptians, and will be illustrated by thirty plates, relating either to the general religious worship and doctrines, or to the rites peculiar to particular cities of Egypt and Nubia. The text will further contain a description of all the temples yet remaining in the valley of the Nile. Besides the above plates, there will be eighteen others, taken from astronomical paintings found either in temples or royal tombs.

The publication commenced in January, and it is expected will continue uninterruptedly every month until the whole shall be completed.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS AT THE GALLERY OF THE INSTITUTION.

THE critical duties which this Exhibition imposes on us annually are this year considerably diminished, so great a proportion of its best pictures having been formerly noticed in our comments on the Exhibition at Somerset House. It affords us no little satisfaction to be able to remark, that in very many cases the second exhibition has not been made in vain; nor can it be otherwise than gratifying to the patrons of the Institution, that so many works of sterling merit, which would otherwise probably have been left to deck the artist's studio, are, through this medium, converted into the means of pursuing his studies, with a sense that encouragement to his efforts is not wanting, and that he does not labour in vain. It is to be regretted that the rooms of the Institution are not sufficiently wide for the display of pictures painted on a large scale; in all other respects their arrangements are admirable; but it is only at the two extremes of the suite that a sufficient distance from a large picture can be obtained, for the contemplation of its general effect, and the south room is unfortunately too dark. The objection of want of room obtains also with reference to smaller pictures, which, although not destitute of merit,—many indeed of very creditable promise,—are not considered sufficiently important to command a conspicuous location, and are consequently placed so far above or below the level of the eye, as to render all estimate of their qualities utterly impossible. Fortunately for such exhibitors as have a station on the line of sight appropriated to them, the rooms are almost invariably crowded; but this only aggravates the mortification of an artist, who feels that to obtain anything like a tolerable view of a picture to which he has devoted his best efforts, and from which perhaps he has been led to found much sanguine expectation, the visitor must be ungallant enough either to place himself against a picture on the opposite side, to the exclusion of all view by some other party, or tread backwards on their heels. In illustration of this case we may instance various clever pictures, so far as we have been able to obtain a sight of them, by Barnard, Herbert Smith, Brough, and several others.

It may be added, that for the exhibition of works of sculpture the rooms are totally unfit, which may account for the admission of the mere "bijouterie" of that sterner branch of art, to the exclusion of works far superior to the generality of the specimens this year exhibited.—The picture, which, being the first to attract our attention, stands first also in the Catalogue, is 'Portsmouth from the King's Bastion,' painted at

the command of His Majesty by Stanfield. This has been said to evince a falling off in the talents of the painter, and to be anything but what was expected at his hands; and this we lament to say is what may be called the "cant" of the rooms, the gossip of the superficial and the uninitiated. We would not be understood to maintain that Stanfield has never painted a better picture than this; but we do assert that his View of Portsmouth would make the fortune of any other painter, and that, making the allowance necessary for the difference of subject between it and perchance a better picture, this is by no means unworthy of his fame, and amply justifies his high appointment. There is an air of truth and reality in the atmosphere and clouds, a liquidity in the water, and a motion in the boats, which we rarely see imparted to canvas, and which constitute the very essence of life and reality. The figures in the foreground also are well introduced and beautifully relieved.—Daniell has five small pictures of animals, Nos. 3. 4. 9. 10. and 125, and one bird, No. 118, executed with nicety and skill. 'An Indian Fruit-seller,' No. 94, by this artist, is probably correct in costume, but hard in its outline and wanting in relief.—'A Falconer,' No. 5, by Alexander Fraser, is a clever picture, slight and unfinished; not so 'An Antiquary,' No. 52, finished with praiseworthy accuracy, and partaking of that spirit of nicety and discrimination which characterizes Wilkie's works; the armour and all that constitute the still life of the picture are the perfection of art; the figures might however have been more finished, though the expression of interest and intense satisfaction of the old man are admirable.—Three pictures by Linnell, 'Landscape,' No. 7, 'Cow-yard,' No. 78, and 'View near Hampstead,' No. 279, partake of all the characteristics of the artist's style, and of that class of homely subjects in which he excels. No. 78. is rather heavy; and there is greater variety of colour and brilliancy in No. 279. than is his custom: it is nevertheless a good picture, though it would be none the worse for a little toning down; at present its brilliancy is hard.—'A Rustic,' No. 8, by Pearsall, is chiefly remarkable for the good taste of not being worked up to the usual exhibition key of colour and effect.—The verisimilitude of form, costume, character, and expression in the works of T. S. Good, prevent us from objecting to the sharpness and edgy coldness prevailing in all his works, which may be exemplified in 'An Old Retired Comedian,' No. 11; but for identity and resemblance to life it is excellent. The same remark applies to 'Free and Easy,' No. 224; and with still greater force to 'Reading and Listening,' No. 282: the expression and character of both these faces is absolutely living truth, and we almost hear the reader. In 'Sea-shore with Figures,' No. 333, the peculiarities of this

style are carried to such an excess of refinement, that the picture has all the appearance of a reality seen diminished in the camera; though we have some doubts whether the effect of light would be found true to nature in this situation. There is so much of genuine ambition about J. Wood, that it is subject of regret to us so frequently to remark that in his indefatigable efforts to be great, he too frequently becomes studied and unnatural; that severity of style which is the principle of sculptural art, becomes on canvas harsh and displeasing. His Studies are admirably well painted; but the more they are like Nature, the more striking in contrast becomes the defect to which we allude. These observations generally refer to 'Venus directing the Arrow of Cupid,' No. 460, a palpable imitation of Etty in style and arrangement of colouring. The objection is less obvious in 'Cupid captured by the Sea Nymphs,' No. 177, which is gracefully composed, though it reminds us of Howard's undulating imaginations.—'Water-Carriers taking the Siesta,' No. 17; 'Dona Calendaria,' No. 150; and 'Joseph presenting his Father and Brethren to Pharaoh,' No. 486, by J. M. Leigh, are evidences of a degree of talent requiring only development and cultivation to produce fine works.

Bearing in mind the early promise of G. Hayter, we must acknowledge that we were prepared to expect something of greater pretension and better executed than 'The Contadino di Sonnino' (19), and 'La Toilette' (92). The flesh is too red and opaque, and the colouring, though powerful, is harsh. It is now many years since the English public has had an opportunity of judging of his comparative progress; and if 'The Conversion of Saul' (397) were sent for exhibition, mere sketch as it is, in order to supply the comparison, we can only observe that the progress has not kept pace with the promise. It is now many years ago that the latter picture was exhibited, and its conception would not disgrace many of our mature exhibitors: it however reminds us too much of Rubens' composition.—We cannot help thinking that a better situation might have been found for 'The Private Meeting of the Barons' (20), by Herbert L. Smith. Many worse pictures are placed in choice situations, and the promise of this deserves, to say the least of it, encouragement.—'The Cathedral of St. Lawrence, Rotterdam' (22), by D. Roberts, is a clever effect produced with this artist's accustomed skill and mastery.—The name of E. Landseer suffices to attract attention; and with the indiscriminate admiration universally accompanying acknowledged talent, whatever he exhibits is certain of approbation and sale. His pictures are a combination of truth and character, expression and external nature; and a feeling for the subject treated pervades the

whole, and adds value to the skill and mastery of the mechanic of the art. 'Hawking' (23) is a clever, and, though sketchy and unfinished, a very charming picture. 'The Auld Gude Wife' (174) seems absorbed in her recollections of the past and the claymore and Bible;—but the artist is most at home in the 'Lassie herding Sheep' (186), which is finely painted, particularly the sheep, or rams rather, whose wool seems tempting the shears: they are the finest specimen we have seen of a perfect imitation of the fleece, the most difficult kind of coat to represent in a smooth medium. 'The Challenge' (326) is of the same character as 23.—F. W. Watts has seven pictures, all, with the exception of one, landscapes, and all partaking of the same character. This artist has a strong feeling for, and sense of, the pleasing in nature, but he is sometimes feeble, as in 'Scene on the Derwent' (255), which is too green and deficient in relief.—There is a wild solemnity about No. 28, 'A Lady taking the Veil,' by S. A. Hart, which harmonizes well with the scene. The grouping is well managed, and the *ensemble* admirably arranged—the attention of the artist having been also directed to the architectural details of the interior, which besides being in excellent keeping are accurate in detail. Some of his heads are not original; for instance, there is the female from Bird's 'Chevy Chase,' and several that we have seen before in this artist's own works. His composition, effect, and colouring, are in a peculiar style, which he applies to all objects indiscriminately: his heads have both character and expression, though he very nearly gives the Jewish aspect to his old men. He is too anxious to preserve an undulating outline in his compositions, which sometimes gives grace at the expense of simplicity and grandeur. 'The Gateway of Henry the Seventh's Chapel' (207), by the same artist, though equally correct, is not equally good in colour, which is dingy and monotonous.—There is much sly humour, diversified with graver expression, in T. Webster's designs, and his skill is equal to the felicity of his conceptions. In 'Card-Players' (29), the perpending visage of the old man has excellent expression: he seems profoundly posed. 'The Effects of Intemperance' (245) is a moral rendered amusing, a story that tells itself. It is a scene in a village, on a Sunday after church. The rubicund culprit, chopfallen, is seated in the stocks, under a shady tree, the butt of the urchins, while a Magog of a beadle stands beside, to whom the wife and mother plead in vain for mitigation of punishment. The well-fed and well-dressed little boy who is entering the garden with his father, looks back with that snug look of pity, surprise, and reproof, which those diminutive King Pepins so unconsciously assume. There is however a hard wooden appearance in all his figures.

'The Love-Letter' (523) is a pretty effect of light and shade, and a very fair specimen of his skill in still life; and 'Sketch of a Cottage' (129) is also very creditable to him.—Two pictures by T. Woodward, 'The Rick-side' (30) and 'Crossing the Ford' (206), have particularly attracted our attention, the more particularly as they are not mere portraits of horses, stiff and inanimate, but clever pictures independently of the skill with which both horses and dogs are managed. The texture of the skin of the horse in the former reminds us forcibly of Cooper, from its extreme delicacy, and we know no other artist who could have painted either with a more perfect knowledge of form, understanding of his subject, and imitation of nature.—Of five pictures by W. Riviere, 'Fire-side Companions' (37), though slight and sketchy, is the best.—Lance has two pictures of 'Fruit, &c.' (38 and 333), which, like all his still-life pictures, are excellent. His imitations are correct and forcible, and they are pictorially displayed. 82, 'La Festa di Gioja,' by this artist, is deficient in keeping and perspective, and its texture is too metallic—consequently incomplete, but it contains some very clever painting.—'A Study from Nature, of a Child' (39), by Mrs. Carpenter, is infantile, beautifully true in character, and painted in a broad style with great power, but the red is rather predominant.—There is a clever picture by Mr. Call, 'The young Student' (41): its colouring is harsh, but the boy's look is good:—and a singular 'View of Windermere' (43), by J. Renton, which, so far as we were able to get sight of it, evinces talent and a sense of the wildness and the caprices of Nature hardly to be expected from one whose study has been so much devoted to the monotonous heads of Evangelicals and Methodists. It is, however, too much in imitation of Turner, though the sky is splendidly natural.—Nasmyth's Landscapes are, as usual, excellent this year: 45, 'A View of Edinburgh,' is the best; and for a view of a northern city, it may perhaps be regarded as no objection to say, that it is deficient in warmth both of sky and air. The style of this artist may be generally characterized as feeble, cold, and minute: his defects and merits are well contrasted in 162, 520, and 557, all landscapes.—Various Sketches by Alfred G. Vickers, 34, 274, 276, 372, 419, 499, are really sketches, but we are induced to give them a more particular notice from their imitation of the style of Bonington. Generally speaking they are little more than brown draperies with undefined forms highly relieved by white: they are too mannered, but evince fine feeling and considerable talent.—In four pictures by T. C. Hofland, 'The Upper End of Loch Lomond' (46), 'Llyn Idwell' (374), 'Derwent-water' (89), 'The Falls of Terni' (491), and 'Borrowdale' (426), there is great truth both in

pencilling and colour :—‘A Girl looking from a Window’ (53) by Hurlstone, is one of the best painted pictures we have recently seen exhibited. Simple in subject, it is so well managed that in the painting is embodied every principle of the art.—59, ‘Æneas meeting Venus disguised,’ by Copley Fielding, is heavy, but Claude-like and elaborate. His ‘Distant View of Goderich Castle’ (248), and ‘Bletchington’ (278), are subjects better suited to him, and they are better treated accordingly. His ‘View near the Head of Loch Tay’ (287) is feeble and less masterly.—In 60 and 302, ‘Bit of Courtship’ and ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ Mr. Knight has presented us with masterly specimens of the portraiture of scenes of familiar life, and painted on opposite principles of colouring and light and shade. While the style of the ‘Auld Robin Gray’ reminds us of the depth, clearness, and richness of the Flemish masters, and of our own Wilkie, the ‘Bit of Courtship’ assimilates to the magical daylight effects of P. De Hooe. To relieve light by a deeper-toned background is less difficult than to paint figures and objects, which are to assume the fulness of reality, each by their own individual light and shade, that is, by reflected lights; and such difficulty is further increased by the individual figures being made subordinate in tone to the principal, and the whole to possess the lightness and breadth of nature. Mr. Knight has succeeded in overcoming the intricacies of this style,—that of using the gayest and richest colours, and yet producing harmony and breadth,—a style beautifully portrayed by Turner in his ‘Watteau’s Study,’ and one which, while it is not so likely to draw forth the applauses of the many, must always command the admiration of cultivated taste.—Our prepossessions have led us to associate with Queen Catherine a more matronly appearance than Howard has given to her in 67; in other respects this picture is a clever composition, and well worthy of the Secretary of the Academy. There was a clever drawing by Blake of the same subject sold at Sir T. Lawrence’s sale, of which this reminds us in no inconsiderable degree. 201, ‘Morning,’ by the same artist, in composition is involved and confused, and might equally well refer to any other imaginary meeting of bright faces and fair forms in the regions of the sky. Neither are we pleased with the colour of this picture; to us it appears dull and inharmonious.—61 and 74, two Landscapes by C. R. Stanley, are clever and natural: his ‘View of Mantes’ (108) is a highly talented picture, rather too panoramic in its effect, but painted with an eye to nature.—‘The Village Lass’ (76), F. Meyer, has more the appearance of a lady’s maid in her mistress’s finery,—there is nothing rustic about her.—The damsel in 77, ‘The Plain Gold Ring,’ by J. B. Herbert, looks rather cross and unprepos-

seeming: it is not wanting in ability, but the flesh tints are somewhat red and heavy. 'Landscape on the Dart,' No. 80, has all the excellences of his style, and is in no way inferior to No. 166, (a view on the Dart also,) except that the trees and copse in the foreground of the latter are as fine as we can imagine anything to be painted. 'Timber Waggon crossing a Brook,' No. 185, is not so perfect; it is deficient in light, shade, and atmosphere; indeed there is a want of sunshine in all his pictures; and No. 526, 'A Composition,' may be instanced in proof, which is dull and cold.—'The Patriot's Grave,' No. 83, 'The Rustic Boy,' No. 228, 'The Swiss Peasant,' No. 242, by J. Boaden, like his other works, are rich in colour, but somewhat heavy; No. 228 is the best, its character, expression, and painting being good.—'The Rustic Chair,' No. 91, is one of W. F. Hetherington's pretty specimens of rural life. Nos. 265 and 267 are both 'The Royal Procession on the Thames,' gaily though purely coloured, and evincing talent in a style of art not hitherto, so far as we recollect, attempted by him.—'Still Life,' No. 92, by R. T. Lonsdale, is a picture of pots and pans, and executed with quite sufficient skill for the subject, though not quite equal to the pictures by this artist in the Suffolk-street Exhibition.—In 'Falstaff, Pistol, and Mrs. Quickly,' No. 99, by G. Clint, it is understood that Falstaff is a portrait of Bannister, which utterly neutralizes our objection that it is not Falstaff,—that it is too steady and sedate, and is wanting in that liquorishness and lusciousness of expression which we are always accustomed to regard as the attribute of Sir John. Nothing can be better than ancyente Pistol; but there is a want of archness and knavery in Mrs. Quickly. The picture is, nevertheless, painted with all Clint's care and attention to accessories; and in spite of these objections, which after all may not strike others with equal force, is a masterly and well finished composition.—J. Hollis has three pictures: the first, No. 100, 'An Italian Girl and Greyhound', is rather harsh and crude; No. 205, 'An Osteria', is a mere sketch; and No. 432, 'A Girl at her Devotions', is not exactly what we should have expected at his hands.—'Meditation', by J. King, is a good portrait of Northcote.—'Preparing for the Masquerade', No. 107, by Mrs. J. Hakewell, and 'Italian Boy', No. 118, are the best of four pictures by this lady.—To those who delight in the luscious representations of the produce of the hot-house and fruit-garden, A. J. Oliver's very beautiful little pictures, Nos. 115, 119, 124, 128, and 360, of pears, apples, green-gages, peaches, &c. &c. present a treat not easily excelled: they are well painted, and correctly imitated from nature.—In two pictures by W. Gill, No. 117, 'Auld Robin Gray, and No. 126, 'The Pedlar', there is a want of decision and

character, the more to be regretted, as they are not badly designed.—There is much truth and *vraisemblance* in ‘The Benedictine Convent at Cava’, No. 116, and ‘The Valley of Bouia’, No. 127, by T. Uwina: they are not, however, subjects so well suited to his peculiar style as No. 153, ‘A Neapolitan Girl’, and No. 216, ‘A study of Children’s Heads’; the former of which is a bright pretty picture, the latter somewhat crude, and deficient in firmness of execution.—‘The Tourist’, by J. J. Chalon, No. 135, is a powerfully painted picture, but hard and wiry in texture.—‘Henrietta’, a study, No. 143; and No. 158, ‘The Village’, by R. Rothwell, seem painted with effort: the finish of both is high, and their colouring pure, though the carnation tints are rather “foxy”. The latter picture goes near to embody that “grace” which since Lawrence left us, seems “beyond the reach of Art.”—There is an air of reality and panoramic truth in ‘Old Houses at Amiens’, No. 36, by J. Burton; but his best picture in this Exhibition is ‘The Fort Rouge’, No. 160; in which the old tempest-beaten fort looks through the war of elements as though its ancient weather-worn timbers were built for eternity; and the impression conveyed by the picture is, that it is seen from amidst the war of waters, and not from a place of security. ‘Saint Omer’, No. 433, is not painted up to this artist’s accustomed standard: it is heavy and monotonous.—S. Taylor’s ‘Animals’ do credit to his talent. ‘Dead Game’, No. 161, if it may be called still *life*, is a very clever specimen of that department of Art. ‘A Leveret attacked by a Stoat’, No. 318, is better painted, but it wants finish and texture in the coats of the animals.—‘La Poetessa’, by John Hayter, a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, evinces so refined a knowledge of the human face, that, if the flesh be not painted with the most consummate skill, at least we leave the contemplation of it with regret that it is the only picture with which he has this year favoured the Gallery.

The only picture by Hilton that has not been previously exhibited, is No. 178, ‘Jacob parting with Benjamin’; it is painfully beautiful, for who can contemplate it without regretting that it is without a purchaser? Indeed it is matter of surprise that any artist can find spirit to begin and complete scriptural and historical subjects one after another and find no purchasers; well may artists complain of the want of patronage, when we see such pictures unsold.—Two pictures, apparently companions, by J. Burnet, ‘Salmon Weir on the Lune, Devon’, No. 184, and No. 218, ‘Halt of a Waggon’, are rather dull and heavy; but, nevertheless, painted with much skill.—‘A Chapel of the Virgin’, No. 190, and an ‘Interior of Westminster Abbey’, No. 283, by Harry Wilson, regarded as architectural illustrations, are of very great merit, dis-

playing a perfect knowledge of the perspective and intricacies of his difficult subjects, combined with brilliant pictorial effect, to aid in its development.—‘An Italian Costume’, No. 210, by H. Davies, would be deserving of greater commendation were the face and flesh generally less hard and wooden.—R. R. Reinagle’s ‘Scene in an Autumnal Evening’ is finished with all the nicety for which this Academician is so eminent; but, great as undoubtedly is his mechanical dexterity, we cannot bring ourselves to believe it has any resemblance in nature. In the picture before us, which is a ‘River Scene’, this peculiarity is carried to excess.—The ‘Comfort of Listening’, by R. W. Buss, No. 220, illustrates the old adage, that “listeners hear no good of themselves.” It is a well painted picture, and the ‘Old Maid’ of that class to entirely obviate all sympathy with in the affliction of her own eavesdropping: it is well painted.—No. 227, ‘Covent Garden Market’, by J. F. Lewis, is a curious specimen of a picture, made entirely subservient to one figure, that of a lady in black, who is crossing over the west end, and seems to have been introduced as an after-thought, for no other purpose, that we can surmise, but to destroy the keeping of what, in spite of some sharpness and hardness, is certainly a clever picture, though we very much question whether any such personages are to be found, except in the artist’s imagination, as the market-people who make up the life of the scene. It is a view of the buildings before they were finished, and in spite of the *vraisemblance* of the piazzas, &c., conveys but an imperfect notion of the Garden in its present state.—The lights and shadows of No. 235, a ‘Scene in a Park’, by J. M. Ince, are rather too harshly contrasted; with this exception, it is however a powerful picture.—Though Murillo and some other of the old masters were fond of representing characters with food in their mouth, and in other occupations of nature—to give effect to such representations, and in fact to conquer the repugnance they excite, requires more talent than is displayed in ‘The Anxious Expectant’, No. 243, by J. W. Solomon, who, were it not for this disagreeable characteristic, has painted a picture by no means wanting in talent; the girl’s expression too, such as it is, is good.—Felice Schiavone, without having made a servile copy of any old picture, so far as we are aware, has compounded the figures from more than one into a ‘Virgin with an Infant Christ and St. John’, No. 246: this amalgamation makes a clever picture, and that looks like an imitation or copy of Raphael; but it is to be regretted that such ability should have been displayed on a subject so little original.—Partridges, Grouse, Dead Game, and Woodcocks, are painted to perfection, so far as accuracy of delineation is concerned, in Nos. 247. 306. 356. and 516.

by G. Stevens, but they have the defect from which very few similar pictures are free,—they display mere mechanical skill.—‘A View of Florence’, No. 266, by F. James, is a highly finished and bright picture, presenting to us the city of palaces from a novel point of view. It possesses the detail and accuracy of Canaletti, but not the tone of that somewhat too highly rated master.—There is so disagreeable, not to say disgusting, an expression in the countenance of the male figure in ‘Return from a Masked Ball’, No. 269, by T. Clater, that we were disposed to turn away from the picture; but there is a concentration of effect in all this artist’s pictures, relieving the sparkling brilliancies of silks and satins, that necessarily attracts attention. No. 435, ‘Transmigration of Souls asserted by Will Honeycomb’, and No. 492, ‘Sir Roger de Coverly interrupted by a Mask’, are however of a more sober tone.—There is a hardness about No. 270, ‘Sea—Morning’, by Linton, which is too characteristic of his paintings. The effect is beautiful.—The two ‘Heads of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza’, No. 284. and No. 280, by Leslie, so well known about town by some masterly lithographs, are, we believe, now exhibited for the first time; and beautiful they are; chaste in tone, masterly in execution, and excellent in expression, we can imagine both the Don and his Squire to have sat to the artist when he painted them.—Two brilliant little pictures by G. Jones, ‘The Mole at Naples’, No. 281, and ‘The Portico of Octavia’, No. 285, sustain, trifles though they be, the reputation of the painter: they are architectural pieces, and very beautiful.—George Reinagle has two pictures, No. 292, ‘The Russian Fleet Anchoring, &c.’ and No. 556, ‘Ramsgate’; remarkable only for the extreme accuracy of the shipping and the greenness of the sea, and very pretty effect of sunset at Margate.—No. 325. sketchy but clever.—Cooper has one of his fine spirited sketches, entitled ‘A Skirmish’, No. 320. Though very slight, its spirit and energy betray the master hand.—‘Study of a Head of Christ’, No. 338, though well painted, is an elaborate mistake; all sight of the expression being lost in its refinement and finish.—A good idea in No. 370, ‘A Philosopher in search of the Wind’, by R. Farrier, is spoilt by being strained and caricatured: it has, moreover, this artist’s prevailing fault,—a want of discrimination in the texture of the various objects.—One of the finest pictures in the Exhibition is Boxall’s ‘Cordelia’, No. 382. In the delicate representation of passive grief, blended with the solemn determination of resolute firmness, that calmness of expression which is induced in meek spirits by high-strung resolves in desperate emergencies, we think he has been eminently successful: though differing in character with Sir Joshua’s ‘Mrs. Siddons’, and wanting in the sternness of that composition, we were reminded of it by Cordelia’s stately and

queenlike posture, which is finely conceived; and the whole picture is, in our estimation, one of the finest that he has ever produced; and we are the more pleased to say this of so talented an artist, from having conscientiously expressed our conviction of his failure in the companion picture, 'Lear'.—Of three pictures by J. Tennant, 'Hastings Castle', No. 384, offers itself first to our approval; and when we say it is much superior to his others, we do not consider that we have said so much as it justifies; for we know no landscape in the rooms with which it may not compete, for freshness, brilliancy, and look of nature.—No. 385, by Franquinet, dignified by the appellation of 'Shylock', is merely the portrait of a Jew, and that not a favourable one: the dress and accessories are nevertheless well painted, though mechanical.—No. 411, 'A Gypsy Girl', by Morton, is clever; its expression and character good: but Nos. 396, and 412, 'Napoleon at Malmaison, and at Austerlitz', are the two pictures on which he depends most for reputation in this Exhibition. Of 'Malmaison', in which the Emperor is asleep before the fire, we think he has mistaken both the features and the man; there is a sharpness about the expression which Napoleon lost even before he became Emperor; and there is, moreover, a ghastliness, which we cannot reconcile with the features of one who in his later years is represented to have been so eminently beautiful when asleep; but its besetting sin is, that it is no likeness,—a mistake into which we cannot conceive how this artist can have fallen, seeing how accurate are his likenesses in general. Against the 'Austerlitz', as a painting, we have nothing to urge: it is the man, and perfect; the red flag contrasting with the falling snow, the spent ball, and the energetic repose of the Emperor's position, are perfect: a question of fact suggests itself,—whether he ever descended from his horse on that momentous day, and whether his position was not on high ground. This, however, in no way derogates from the merit of the picture; for give it another name, and amongst millions of his devoted admirers, there must be many who would be glad to possess themselves of this representation of the idol of their remembrance.

Destouches, whose style is as decidedly built on the taste of the French school as possible, has a picture entitled 'Love the best Physician'; its colour is generally better than we are accustomed to meet with in the production of students of the French school. The expression of the two elderly females, probably designed for his mother and maiden aunt, particularly that of the latter, is remarkably good. Except that he is pale, the patient is rather too fleshy and in good feeding for an invalid; neither do we think his countenance conveys the expression intended. The girl is insipid, and her father stands not as though he had supplied

the panacea, but like one who has intruded where he has no business, and is not wanted. The costume and all the accessories of this picture are beautifully complete.—No. 399, 'A Horse and Groom', by J. Pickering, is well pencilled.—No. 403, 'A French Lancer dying', is a difficult subject, which though a mere sketch, is very skilfully managed: the falling hand and the falling lance contrast well with the fiery speed of the horse.—No. 494. is an isolated portion of a stirring scene, 'The Royal Guards at the Fort St. Martin'; it can hardly be called a battle scene, for the adversary is for the most part invisible. The figures are well grouped, and the painting executed with considerable skill.—Were the style and expression of No. 434, 'Page, Ann Page, and Slender', by Joseph Nash, less an imitation of that of Leslie, and even the proportions more accurately considered, we should unhesitatingly give it our unqualified commendation; the effort is, however, much too apparent in a subject which Leslie has already hit off so admirably. The lackadaisical air of Slender is almost a close imitation, and the colour of the picture would be better were it less flourishing and fine. This bold dashing manner is well exemplified in the 'Interview of Edward IV. and Lady Elizabeth Grey', No. 573.—'Tintoretto Lecturing his Disciples', No. 445, by I. von Holst, has the air of a necromancer or a magician amongst his students; but there is very great originality in the design of the picture; the drawing and colour are rather extravagant, although more closely after nature than is usual in the school to which this artist evidently belongs. It is much to say that in so ambitious an attempt the ground has not given way beneath him.—Miss Alabaster in 'The Music Lesson', No. 456, has produced a very pretty picture, did not the eyelids, which are too large and almost closed, mar the expression.—No. 465. 'A Hampshire Rustic', and No. 582. 'Hampshire Fisherman', by J. Inskipp, are pictures which Gainsborough might almost be supposed to have painted. The latter is as successful in execution as it is bold, in attempting one of the greatest difficulties in the art—that of placing a dark figure against a light ground.—'Beckingham Gate, Kent', No. 475, by C. Marshall, possesses much excellence.—No. 514. 'The Duke of Bedford's Cottage', and No. 568, 'A Mill at Leewoods', by F. C. Lewis, sen. are both excellent sketches, rather green and slight, but painted freely and with feeling.—'Sunset at Sea', No. 525, by E. D. Leahy, the original design for 'Mary Stuart's Farewell to France', is a masterly sketch, not unworthy of Leslie, whose style it emulates without servility. There are few pictures in this Exhibition more deserving of mention than this.—No. 554, 'Retirement', by G. Barrett, is somewhat deficient of force in the foreground, but is not unworthy of the rank he holds as a water-colour draftsman,—

When he quits his crayons to take a higher station, H. W. Burgess seems to lose much of his power, and he becomes cold, hard, and unrelieved, as in No. 558, 'St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall'.—'The Burial of Saul', No. 560, anonymous in the Catalogue, (but in which we recognise Varley's execution,) is a fine architectural composition, combined with onerous and stately foliage, somewhat too dark, but grand both in design and colour.—'The Winding Sheet', No. 575, by J. Stewart, is a fancy subject, for the merits of which the artist is principally indebted to his model. It is not unpleasingly treated; though the lady should be represented viewing the candle; which, by the bye, seems to reflect no light.

The only piece of Sculpture requiring particular notice, is the last in the Catalogue, No. 597, by Westmacott, jun., 'Venus carrying away Ascanias', the design of which is very chastely conceived, and executed with great care.—There is too much meretriciousness in No. 585, by Rossi, jun., the only other marble of any pretension in the room.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

At a general Assembly of the Academicians, held at their Apartments, on the 10th December, 1831, the following Distribution of Prizes took place;—For the best historical painting, the Gold Medal, and the Discourses of Reynolds and West, handsomely bound, and inscribed; to Mr. Daniel M'Cliise.—For the best group in sculpture, the Gold Medal, and Discourses of Reynolds and West; to Mr. Sebastian Wyndham Arnold.—For the best copy made in the painting school, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli; to Mr. Eden Upton Eddis.—For a copy made in the painting school, the Silver Medal; to Mr. Robert Martin.—For the best drawing from the life, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli; to Mr. William Edward Frost.—For a drawing from the life, the Silver Medal, to Mr. Charles West Cope.—For the best model from the life, the Silver Medal, to Mr. Edgar George Papworth.—For the best drawing of the London University, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli; to Mr. Henry Fenning.—For drawings of the London University, the Silver Medal, to Mr. John Crake.—For the best drawing from the antique, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of Opie and Fuseli, to Mr. Edward Ridley.—For a drawing from the antique, the Silver Medal, to Mr. John Sluce.—For the best model from the antique, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of Opie and Fuseli, to Mr. Frederick Orson Rossi.—For a model from the antique, the Silver Medal, to Mr. Henry James Hakewill.

On the 10th February inst. G. S. Newton and H. P. Briggs, Esqrs. were elected Academicians, in the place of J. Jackson and J. Northcote, Esqrs. deceased.

CATALOGUES OF PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE ROOMS OF
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from p. 184.]

TENTH EXHIBITION, 1778.

Plausibus ex ipsis populi, lætæque sapore
Ingenium quodvis incaluisse potest.—*Ovid.*

- Sarah Addington*.—1. Portraits.
E. W. Aldridge.—2. A Portrait.
James Alves.—3. Portraits (in crayons).
John Bacon, R.A. Elect.—4. Statue of the Thames (a model). 5. Bust (ditto)
Christopher Barber.—7. Portraits. 8. Three Miniatures.
James Barbut.—9. Shells. 10. A Geranium.
J. Melchior Barralet.—11. View of London from Mr. Phillips's Wharf, Scotland-yard.
George Barret, R.A.—12. A Moonlight.
Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.—13. Zephyrus and Flora (drawing in crayons).
William Beechey.—14. Two small Portraits.
Mary Benwell.—15. A Portrait (in crayons). 16. Venus nursing Love (ditto).
J. B. Bossett.—17. Frame with Miniatures.
William Brown.—18. Head of Hygeia (a gem). 19. Judgment of Hercules (ditto).
Charles Brown.—20. Dogs seizing a Stag (a gem).
Robert Browne.—21. Drawing for a Nobleman's Villa.
Edward Burch, R.A.—22. Venus from the Bath, Cupid waiting her commands (a sulphur cast from a gem). 23. A Garden Nymph covering Flowers to protect them from the inclemency of the Winter (ditto). 24. Two Portraits, in form of a Medallion (a model in wax). 25. A Portrait (ditto). 26. Ditto (ditto).
F. L. Burgess.—27. Landscape and Cattle, with a Return from Shooting.
William Burgess.—28. Group of Cattle (a drawing).
Thomas Burgess.—29. William the Conqueror dismounted by his eldest Son. 30. Hannibal, at Nine Years of Age, brought by his Father Hamilchar to the Altar of Jupiter to swear eternal enmity to the Romans. 31. Our Saviour manifesting himself to Mary Magdalen.
John Burton.—32. A Moonlight.
Calza Il Bolognese.—33. A Portrait.
Elizabeth Carmichael.—34. A Portrait.

George Carter.—35. Adoration of the Shepherds, an Altar-piece for Saint James's Church, Colchester. 36. A Portrait. 37. The School Mistress, from *Shenstone*. 38. Shepherd of the Alps, driving his Flock over a Ford.

John Cartwright.—39. A Portrait.

M. De Castro.—40. Two Paintings of Flowers (in water-colours).

Charles Catton, R.A.—41. View of Norwich Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden.

Joseph Ceracchi.—42. Lucretia (a sketch). 43. A Bust of Mercury.

Sir George Chalmers, Bart.—44. A Young Lady with a favourite Dog. 45. A Young Gentleman with a Bird's Nest. 46. An Officer of the 62nd Regiment, lately killed in America. 47. Portrait of an Artist.

Mason Chamberlin, R.A.—48 to 50. Portraits.

J. Chapman.—51. A View of the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, the Figures by P. J. De Louthembourg. 52. Inside of ditto, Figures by ditto.

John Cleveley.—53. Balem Castle, looking down the Tagus. 54. A View of Lisbon.

Richard Collins.—55. A Portrait.

Richard Cooper.—56. A Drawing of the Inside of the Coliseo at Rome. 57. Ditto of Ponte Salaro, near Rome. 58. A Drawing from Titian, in the Borghese Collection. 59. Ditto from Correggio, in the Duke of Alva's Collection at Madrid. 60. A Drawing from Julio Cesare Procaccini, in the Collection of the Marquis of Villa Franca at Madrid. 61. Ditto from Albano at Naples. 62. Ditto from Parmegiano at Rome.

John Singleton Copley, Associate.—63. A Family (whole length). 64. A Portrait. 65. A Boy attacked by a Shark and rescued by some Seamen in a Boat; founded on a fact which happened in the harbour of the Havannah.

Richard Cosway, R.A.—66. A Cupid, Portrait of a Young Nobleman. 67. Peace and Love (a miniature).

Samuel Cotes.—68. A Frame with four Portraits (in miniature).

Alexander Cozens.—69. Drawing of a Head (in red chalk).

William Craft.—70. A Boy on a Lion (a device from the antique alto relievo). A Cupid meditating, its companion (enamels).

Robert Crone.—71. Three Drawings of Landscapes.

James Crook.—72. A Portrait.

Richard Crosse.—73 to 75. Portraits (miniatures).

George Cuit.—76. A Portrait.

Thomas Daniel.—77. View of Aysgarth Foss on the River Ure, Wensley Dale, Yorkshire. 78. Ditto, taken near Bondgate Bridge, Ripon, Yorkshire. 79. Ditto of part of Bremham Crags, near Ripon, belonging to the Right Honourable Sir Fletcher Norton.

Robert Davy.—80. A Conversation.

Thomas Day.—81. Two Miniatures.

- B. Diemar.*—82. Ceyx and Alcyone. (*Dryden*, p. 185.) 83. Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea. (*Dryden*, p. 276.)
- Diana Dietz.*—84. A Portrait.
- John Donowell.*—85. A Perspective View of the Steyne at Brighthelmstone, from the south end (a drawing).
- John Dotchen.*—86. Villa for an ecclesiastical Person of distinction.
- William Doughty.*—87. Portrait of the Rev. Mr. Mason. 88. Ditto of the Rev. Mr. Palmer. 89. Ditto of a Gentleman.
- John Downman.*—90. The Priestess of Bacchus. 91. Tobias driveth away the evil Spirit. 92 and 93. Portraits.
- Robert Dunkarton.*—94. Three Portraits.
- Edward Edwards* (Associate).—95. A Portrait.
- Stephen Elmer* (Associate).—96. A Brace of Trout. 97. Basket of Strawberries. 98. Fruit. 99. Ditto. 100. Flowers. 101. Ditto.
- Thomas Engleheart.*—102. A Small Bust (in wax). 103. Three Medallions (ditto).
- George Engleheart.*—104. A Fancy Picture (in miniature).
- Joseph Farrington.*—105. A Waterfall.
- John Feary.*—106. View of Cotworth Mill, near Etterwater, Lancashire. 107. Ditto of King John's Barn, Eltham.
- John Flaxman, Jun.*—108. Hercules tearing his Hair, after having put off the poisoned Shirt given him by Deianira (a model in terra cotta). 109. A Portrait (in wax).
- John Foldsone.*—110. A singular Instance of Filial Affection. (*Vide Val. Max.*)
- Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*—111. Portrait of a Lady (whole length). 112. Ditto of a Nobleman (whole length). 113. Ditto of a Lady (ditto). 114. Ditto (ditto). 115. Ditto (half length). 116. Ditto (ditto). 117. Mr. Christie. 118. Portrait of a Lady (three quarters). 119. A Landscape. 120. Ditto, its companion.
- James Gandon.*—120. Plan and elevation offered for the Hospital for Lunatics.
- Caleb Garbrand.*—121. A Lady in Masquerade. 122. A Philosopher.
- Edmund Garvey* (Associate).—123. A View from Albano towards Rome. 124. A View of Bath.
- J. Gaskel.*—125. A Portrait.
- Thomas Gauguin.*—126. A Portrait.
- James Gheys.*—127. Apollo (a model). 128. Poetry (ditto).
- Henry Gilder.*—129. Two Landscapes (drawings).
- Andrea Graglia.*—130. Two Portraits.
- Valentine Green* (Associate).—131. Her Majesty and the Princess Royal (a mezzotinto), from B. West, R.A. 132. St. George (a mezzotinto from Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

- Charles Grignon*.—133. Portrait of a Naval Officer.
- S. H. Grim*.—134. South-west View of Salisbury Cathedral. 135. The Inside of Carnarvon Castle. 136. Fall of the River Taaf above Ponty Pridd, Glamorganshire. 137. Waterfall on the foot of Munith Maur near Bettus, on the road to Carnarvon.
- John Groves, Jun.*.—138. A View of Westminster Hall, &c. in New Palace Yard.
- S. Harding*.—139. Portrait in the Character of Cupid (a miniature).
- Thomas Hardy*.—140. The Head of an Artist.
- George Haugh*.—141 and 142. Portraits.
- Thomas Hickey*.—143. A Story taken from the 7th Book of *Tasso's Jerusalem*, st. 6th.
- J. Hills*.—144. Two Frames of Insects (engraved in Crystal, and painted).
- William Hilton*.—145. A Portrait.
- William Hodges*.—146. View of Brampton Bryan Castle, in Herefordshire. 147. Ditto of Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. 148. View of Richmond Bridge. 149. Ditto, in the Island of New Caledonia, in the South. 150. Ditto, in the Island of Erramanga, one of the New Hebrides, with the attack of the Indians on Captain Cook. 151. View of Dudley Castle and Priory, in Staffordshire.
- Francis Holman*.—152. The Famous Sea Fight between the Fleets of Sir Edward Hawk and Mons. Conflans near Belleisle, anno 1759.
- Robert Home*.—153 to 155. Portraits. 156. An Italian Girl.
- Nathaniel Hone, R.A.*.—157 to 161. Portraits.
- Horace Hone*.—162. A Frame containing nine Portraits (in miniature; those set for bracelets in enamel).
- Camillus Hone*.—163 and 164. Portraits.
- Eliza Hook*.—164. A Portrait.
- Thomas Hull*.—165. Two Portraits.
- William Hunneman*.—166 and 167. Portraits.
- J. G. Huquire*.—168. Three Portraits.
- E. Hurleston*.—169. Portrait of an Artist. 170. Ditto of a Capuchin Friar at Rome.
- A. Hurst*.—171. Elevation of a Casine.
- John Howes*.—172. A Portrait.
- J. Jagger*.—173. Plan and Elevation of a design for an Edifice, dedicated to the Sciences.
- Angelica Kauffman, R.A.*.—174. Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis the First, King of France. 175. A Nymph, presiding in the Temple of Immortality, receives from the two Swans to be placed in the said Temple, the few Names they had saved of those whom an aged man (the emblem of Time) had thrown into the River Lethe. (*Vide Ariosto*,

- canto 3.) 176. Calypso mournful after the Departure of Ulysses. 177. A Flora. 178. Portrait of a Lady playing on the Harp (small whole length).
- John Joseph Kauffman.—180. The Afflicted Mother. 181. A Flora.
- John Kitchingman.—182. Portrait.
- James Lambert.—183. A Landscape.
- James Lambert, Jun.—184. A Piece of Birds.
- Anna Louisa Lane.—185. Two Portraits (drawings).
- William Lane.—186. An impression of a Gem.
- C. F. Legrand.—187. A Basket of Flowers, carved out of a solid piece of wood.
- Thomas Leverton.—188. Elevation of a Gentleman's Seat now building in Hertfordshire.
- Richard Livesay.—189. Two Portraits.
- John Baptista Locatelli.—190.—Vulcan (a model).
- P. J. Louthembourg.—191. A Landscape, representing a Storm. 192. A Moonlight, with Figures and Cattle. 193. A Summer's Morning, with Figures and Cattle. 194. A Sunset, with Figures and Cattle; its companion. 195. A Summer's Evening, with Ruins, Figures and Cattle.
- Mauritius Lowe.—196. An Allegorical Design.
- Alexander M'Kenzie.—197. Four Portraits (models in wax).
- William Martin.—198. Perseus and Andromeda.
- Charles May.—199. Portrait of Mr. Dunkerley.
- Thomas Maynard.—200. Portraits.
- Margaret Meen.—201. Flowers (in water-colours).
- Mercier.—202. A Flower Piece (water-colours).
- Jeremiah Meyer, R.A.—203. A Portrait.
- Il Milanese.—204. Venus Dressing.
- Mority.—205. A Portrait.
- John Mortimer.—206. A Family. 207. Sir Arthegal the Knight of Justice, with Talus the Iron Man, from *Spenser*. 208. Banditti Fishing. 209. Small Ditto, a Winter Scene. 210. Ditto Summer.
- Mary Moser, R.A.—211. Belphebe. (Vide *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, book iv. canto 8, ver. 2.)
- Joseph Moser.—212. A Portrait (in enamel).
- James Nixon.—213. Maria, from *Sterne's Sentimental Journey* (in miniature). 214. and 215. Portraits (ditto).
- Joseph Nollekens, R.A.—216. A Marble Group of Venus chiding Cupid. 217. A Statue of Diana. 218. A Model of Two Children, designed for a Monument. 219. A Bust of a Gentleman.
- Daniel O'Keeffe.—220. Three Miniatures.
- Edward Oram.—221. A Landscape. 222. A View. 223. A small Landscape.
- William Parry (Associate).—224. Mrs. Jackson in the Character of Merope,

- (Act the Third). 225. Portrait of Mr. Parry (who is blind) playing at Drafts with two other Gentlemen. 226. A Portrait.
- R. Paton.*—227. View of His Majesty's Dock Yard at Chatham, and part of the River Medway, in the County of Kent.
- R. M. Paye.*—228. Portrait of a Boy in the Character of Cupid. 228†. An Allegorical Design.
- Charles Peart.*—229. Three Models (in wax).
- Henry Pelham.*—230. A Frame with Four Miniatures.
- William Peters, R.A.*—231. Sir John Fielding, as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the City of Westminster. 232 to 235. Portraits.
- Peregrine Phillips.*—236. A Gem, with Impression.
- John Plot.*—237 to 239. Miniatures.
- William Plumridge.*—240. A Temple to Health.
- W. Porden.*—241. Design for the West Front of a Gothic Church. 242. Design for the South Front of Ditto.
- John Powell.*—243. A Portrait.
- G. Keith Ralph.*—244. Portrait of an Artist.
- William Read.*—245. A Portrait.
- Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*—246. Portraits of a Nobleman and his Family. 247. Portrait of the Archbishop of York (half length). 248. Ditto of a Lady (whole length). 249. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto).
- I. F. Rigaud (Associate).*—249 to 251. Portraits. 252. An Allegorical Figure of Painting.
- James Roberts.*—253. A Portrait.
- Samuel Roberts.*—254. Lobsters and Smelts.
- M. A. Rooker (Associate).*—255. View of St. Augustin's Gate, Canterbury. 256. Ditto of St. Mary's Abbey, York (its companion). 257. Ditto of the Stone Quarry at Mount Sion, near Liverpool. 258. Six Stained Drawings, being part of a set of Designs for a new edition of the Dramatic Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.
- Thomas Rowlandson.*—259. A Portrait.
- John Russell (Associate).*—260 to 264. Portraits (in crayons). 265. Cottage Children (ditto). 266. Girl with Peaches (ditto). 267. Portrait (ditto).
- *Rymsdyk, Jun.*—268. A Lady in a Fancy Dress (in enamel). 269. Head of King Lear (ditto).
- *Saunders.*—270 and 271. Portraits.
- John Saunders, Jun.*—272. A Portrait. 273. The Bard. (*Vide Gray's Works, Ode ii.*) (a stained drawing).
- Samuel Saxon.*—274. A Design for a Villa.
- George Scipitius.*—275. Portrait (in enamel). 276. A Flower Piece (ditto). 277. Ditto, its companion.
- Dominick Serres, R.A.*—278. The Entrance into Portsmouth Harbour. 279. A View in the Downs. 280. Ditto in the Sound at Plymouth.

- Samuel Shelley*.—281 and 282. Portraits (in miniature).
Charles Sherreff.—283. Portrait of a Child (full length) (in miniature).
Archibald Shirling.—284. A Frame with Miniatures.
Joseph Singleton.—285 and 286. Portraits.
S. Smart.—287 and 288. Portraits.
John Spiller, Jun..—289. A Portrait in the Character of Bacchus (a model in wax).
Jonathan Spilsbury.—291 and 292. Portraits.
N. F. Stephanoff.—293. Painting. 294. Mathematics.
 — *Stevenson*.—295. Three Miniatures.
Thomas Stowers.—296. View in a Wood belonging to the Earl of Shelburne, at High Wycomb.
Thomas Stothard.—297. A Holy Family.
George Stubbs.—298. Portrait of a Horse. 299. Ditto of a Dog. 300. Portraits of Two Dogs. 301. Portrait of a Gentleman preparing to shoot.
William Tate.—302. A Portrait.
James Tassie.—303. A Frame with Cameos (in paste): viz. 1 and 2. Portraits. 3 and 4. Two Cameos, given annually as Prize Medals in the University of Glasgow, by Mr. Anderson, for the best Physical Essay, and the best Specimen of Elocution.
John Taylor.—304. Cardenio is discovered by the Goatherds lying in the hollow of a Cork Tree. 305. Dorothea is surprised by Cardenio, the Priest and the Barber, from *Don Quixote*. 306. Two Drawings.
Thomas Thornton.—307. View of Part of Holywell Mount. 308. A Landscape.
William Tomkins (Associate).—309 and 310. Dead Game. 311. A Landscape, Morning. 312. Ditto, Evening. 313. A Water Mill. 314. A Landscape.
Charles Tomkins (Associate).—315. A Water Mill in Dorsetshire (a stained drawing).
A. Toussaint.—316. A Frame, with Five Orders belonging to the Lodge of the Nine Muses (in enamel), from designs of Mr. Cipriani.
John Twiss.—317. Two Miniatures.
William Tyler, R.A..—318. A Design for a Monument (a model).
E. Vaughan.—319. Two Miniatures.
Samuel Wale (Professor of Perspective, R.A.).—320. Christ curing the Blind. 321. Design for an Altar Piece (a stained drawing).
Henry Walton.—322. A Girl buying a Ballad.
Edward Waters.—323. A View of the Inside of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.
Robert Watson.—324 and 325. Portraits. 326. Ignorance and Folly. 327. Rustic Happiness, from the Sixth Stanza of *Gray's Elegy*. 328. The Death of Arviragus, from *Mason's Caractacus*. 329. Two Children.
Benjamin West, R.A..—330. Portraits of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of

- Wales and Prince Frederick. 331. William de Albanac presents his Three Daughters (naked) to Alfred the third King of Mercia, with the following words: "Here be my Three Daughters; chuse to wife which you list; but rather than you should have one of them to your concubine, I would slay her with mine own hand. (*Leland's Itin.* vol. viii. p. 58.) 332. Portrait of a Lady (half length).
- Francis Wheatley.—333 and 334. Portraits. 335. A Wood Scene, with Gipseys telling a Fortune. 336. View near Ivy Bridge, Devonshire. 337. Ditto near Boxhill, Surrey (a drawing).
- Thomas Whetten.—338. A Design for a Public Office. 339. Ditto for an Hospital.
- Robert Wilkinson.—340. View of Knowle Park, Kent. 341. An Oval Landscape. 342. A small Ditto. 343. Ditto.
- William Williams.—344. A Morning View of Colebrook Dale, and part of the extensive Iron Works. 345. An Afternoon View of Ditto from Lincoln Hill, terminated by the celebrated Mountain Wrekin. 346. A Thunder Storm, with the Death of Amelia, from *Thomson's Summer*. 347. The Enchanted Island, with the characters of Trincalo and Caliban, from *Shakspeare*. 348. A Warm Sunset, from the *Good Samaritan*.
- Anne Williams.—349. and 350. Portraits.
- Wilmot.—351. A Landscape (a drawing).
- Richard Wilson, R.A.—352. View in Windsor Great Park.
- Thomas Witchell.—353. A Portrait.
- T. Wogan.—354. A Portrait.
- William Woodfall.—355. A Landscape.
- J. Woons.—356. Two Small Heads in Ivory.
- Joseph Wright, of Derby.—357. An Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, with the Procession of St. Januarius's Head. 358. A Grotto by the Sea-side in the Kingdom of Naples, with Banditti (a sunset). 359. Edwin, from *Dr. Beattie's Minstrel*. 360. Sterne's Captive. 361. The Girandola, or Grand Fire Work exhibited at the Castle of St. Angelo, in Rome.
- John Yenn (Associate).—362. A Casine.
- Anthony Zucchi (Associate).—363. The Remains of an Ancient Building, with Figures in the Oriental Dress.

Honorary.

364. A Drawing of a Gentleman on Horseback, by a Gentleman. 365. A Landscape, by ditto. 366. Portrait of an Old Pedlar, by Mr. Richard Taylor. 367. Portrait, by a Lady. 368. Two Landscapes in Oil, by the Rev. J. Gardnor. 369. View of the Entrance of the Harbour at Dartmouth, by George Keate, Esq. 370. Banditti (stained drawing), by Mr. Davis. 371. View from Nature (ditto), by ditto. 372. Portrait of Mr. Henry Green, Linguist, by Miss Phelps. 373. Two Landscapes (stained drawings), by Master G. Morland. 374. View after Nature, by a Young Lady. 375. View of Shenfield, near Brentwood, Essex, by Master Serres. 376. A Study of Mares, by a Young Gentleman. 377. View after Nature, by ditto. 378. Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, by Thomas Gaysere,

Jun. 379. Two portraits (in crayons); *by Miss Mead.* 380. View of King's Gate, the Seat of the Hon. Charles Fox, Esq. *by a Lady.* 381. A Cast from a Head of Samuel, *engraved by Miss Dean.* 382. A Landscape, *by Miss Ford.* 384. A View of the Entrance of the River Douro, in Portugal, with the Town and Castle of St. John's, *by Mr. Clark.* 385. A Landscape, *by J. Judd, Esq., Chelmsford.* 386. A View of the Castle of Carnarvon, in Wales (drawing), *by Captain Robertson, of His Majesty's Corps of Engineers now in America.* 387. Another View of Ditto (ditto), *by ditto.* 388. View of the Castle of Aberconway, in Wales (ditto), *by ditto.* 389. View of the Castle of Caerfilly, in Wales (ditto), *by ditto.* 390. A View in Wales (ditto), *by ditto.* 391. A Landscape with Figures, *by a Gentleman.* 392. A Game at Chess (drawing), *by ditto.* 393. A French Family, *by ditto.* 394. A Fresh Gale, *by ditto.* 395. Portrait of a Gentleman, by Candle-light, *by A. J. Nunes.* 396. A Tinted Drawing, *by Mr. Laporte.* 397. A Head in Chalks, *by a Young Lady.* 398. The Queen of Leonidas, with her Children (drawing), *by a Lady.* 399. A Dead Magdalen (ditto), *by ditto.* 400. A Boy in the South Seas, with a Ship scaling her Guns and taking on board Refreshments, *by Temple West, Esq.* 401. A small Picture, *by a Lady.* 402. Ditto, *by ditto.* 403. Ditto, *by ditto.* 404. A Landscape, *by Mr. Elford of Plympton.*

Omitted.

George Stubbs.—405. Portrait of a Dog. 406. Ditto.

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.—407. Portrait of a Lady (three-quarters) 408. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto). 409. Ditto (ditto).

Richard Jupp, Jun.—410. Principal Front of the Villa in the Gardens at Pain's Hill.

John Wright, of Derby.—411. Neptune's Grotto at Tivoli.

James Donaldson.—412. Design for a Gentleman's Villa in Ayrshire.

George Brown.—413. A small Landscape.

R. Samuel.—414. A Nymph tying on her Sandal. 415. King Lear. 416. Lady and Child on a Couch.

Spiridione Roma.—417. A Picture (in water-colours).

Thomas Banks.—418. Bust of a Lady (in marble).

Colin Morrison.—419. A Group (in marble), the Dying Mother preventing her Child from Sucking the Blood of her wounded Breast. (*Vide Plin. Epist.*)

Thomas Leverton.—420. The Front of a Town House of a Person of Distinction, now building in London.

John Plaw.—421. South Elevation of a House for a Gentleman in the County of Westmorland.

Samuel de Wilde.—422. Three Portraits. 423. Two Small Heads.

C. R. Ryley.—424. Bacchus and Ariadne. 425. Zephyrus and Flora.

John Hobcraft, Jun.—426. A Design for a Villa.

John Durand.—427. A Landscape.

James Roberts.—428. Portrait of Lady in the Character of *Andromache*.
429. Ditto in the Character of *Mrs. Page*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

ELEVENTH EXHIBITION, 1779.

*Tunc bene fortis equus referato carcere currit,
Cum quos prætereat, quosve sequatur, habet.—Ovid.*

John Allfounder, Jun.—1. A Lady (in chalks).

David Allan.—2. The Vestals attending the Sacred Fire. 3. A Gentleman listening to a Lady playing on the Piano Forte. 4. Five Drawings, representing the Amusements, Manners, &c. of the Carnival at Rome.

James Alves.—5. Two Ladies (in crayons).

John Bacon, R.A.—6. The Head of a Lazaret Figure in a Monument, executing for the Founder of Guy's Hospital.

James Barbutt.—7. Shells, &c.

J. Melchior Barralet.—8. A View of London, &c. taken from Wimbledon Park, the Seat of Earl Spencer.

George Barret, R.A.—9. The West Front of Burton Constable, the Seat of William Coustable, Esq. in Holderness, Yorkshire. 10. A General View of the same.

John Batty.—11. View of an Old Bridge at Fountain's Abbey, Yorkshire (stained drawing). 12. View of Kirkstall Abbey, ditto (ditto).

William Beechey.—13. A Gentleman (small whole length). 14. A Conversation.

Mary Bennell.—15. A Madonna and Child (crayons). 16 and 17. Miniatures.

John Bogle.—18. Portraits in the Character of Cupid and Psyche (a miniature).

Jacob Bonneau.—19. A Landscape (a drawing).

John Frederick Bosset.—20. Two Miniatures.

F. Bourgeois.—21. A Landscape and Figures.

Benjamin Bowring.—22. A Miniature.

Josiah Boydell.—23. William de Albanac presents his Three Daughters to Alfred III. King of Mercia. (*Vide Mr. West's Picture in the last Exhibition.*) (drawing in chalk). 24. Abraham entertaining the Three Angels; after Murillo, in the Collection of the Duke of Norfolk (ditto).

William Brooko.—25. A Small Landscape.

Robert Brown.—26. A Design for a Mausoleum.

William Brown.—27. A Frame with Impressions from Gems, viz.: Cupid taming a Lion; a Head of Titian; Portrait of Mr. Garrick; Ditto of a Lady; a Nymph; a Head of Omphale; the Muse of Erato.

- Charles Brown*.—38. A Head of Leander, with the Gem.
- Peter Brown*.—29. View of a Lane near Hertford. 30. Ditto, near Norwood.
- George Brown*.—31. A Landscape (in water-colours).
- Austin Brunias*.—32. A View of the Town of Roseau, in the Island of Dominica. 33. A View of the River of Roseau, in ditto.
- Edward Burch, R.A.*.—34. Achilles instructed by Chiron to play on the Lyre; an Impression from a Gem in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Effingham. 35 and 36. Portraits (in wax).
- Thomas Burgess*.—37. The Earl of Warwick swearing Allegiance to Edward IV. after the Battle of Ferry Bridge.
- *Calza Il Bolognese*.—38. Pallas.
- Elizabeth Carmichael*.—39. A Lady in a Fancy Dress.
- George Carter*.—40. The Soldier's Return. 41. The Early Principles of Religion. 42. Domestic Scene in a Cottage.
- Charles Catton, Jun.*.—43. A View of Sandlin's Ferry at Norwich. 44. A Landscape, its companion.
- Joseph Ceracchi*.—45. His Excellency Count Belgioso (bust in marble). 46. His Excellency General Paoli (ditto). 47. A Basso Relievo (in marble), representing Love flying from Contention. 48. Ditto, the Rape of Europa (a model). 49. Sketch (in clay) of the Earl of Chatham's Monument, designed for a niche in St. Paul's.
- Mason Chamberlin, R.A.*.—50 and 51. Portraits.
- John Baptista Cipriani, R.A.*.—52. The Death of Dido. 53. Ditto of Cleopatra.
- John Cleveley*.—54. A Gale, with a View of Gibraltar (a stained drawing).
- Joseph Cole*.—55. A Piece of Flowers.
- Richard Collins*.—56. A Miniature.
- Richard Conway, R.A.*.—57. A Lady. 58. A Ditto playing on the Harp.
- Samuel Cotes*.—59. Portraits (in miniature).
- Alexander Cozens*.—60. A Landscape (in chiaro oscuro).
- James Cranke*.—61. A Portrait.
- James Crook*.—62. A Portrait.
- Richard Crosse*.—63. A Miniature.
- Thomas Daniel*.—64. A Spaniel.
- Robert Davy*.—65. A Lady.
- Hugh Dean*.—66. An Eruption of Mount Vesuvius near Naples.
- Diana Deitz*.—67. A Miniature.
- Peter Denys*.—68. A Dog (in crayons).
- John Donowell*.—69. A Perspective View of a Gentleman's Villa.
- William Doughty*.—70. A Young Gentleman. 71. Circe.
- J. Downman*.—72. Six Small Portraits. 73. A Lady surprised to have found her name written on a Tree. 74. Duke Robert (*Vide Reign of King*

- Henry I.). 75. Fair Rosamond. (*Vide* Reign of King Henry II.). 76. A Conversation (a sketch). 77. Four Portraits (sketches). 78. To the Memory of Garrick (a sketch).
- John Dotchen.—79. Design for a new Sessions House, intended to be built on Clerkenwell Green.
- Robert Dunkarton.—80. A Lady (in crayons).
- Edward Edwards (Associate).—81. A Gentleman. 82. A Beggar.
- Stephen Elmer (Associate).—83. A Brace of Pheasants. 84. Carp. 85. Woodcocks. 86. Wild Ducks, Teal, &c. 87. Trout, Carp, &c. 88. Hen and Chickens.
- Thomas Engleheart.—89. A Model (in wax).
- John Feary.—90. A View from One Tree Hill in Greenwich Park.
- John Flaxman, Jun.—91. Portrait (in terracotta).
- John Ford.—92. Portrait of His Majesty (in enamel). 93. A Lady (ditto).
- William Foster.—94 and 95. Portraits.
- John Fouldsone.—96. A Child. 97. A Ditto.
- Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.—98. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester (whole length). 99. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. 100. A Judge (half length). 101. Two Ladies (ditto). 102. A Nobleman (three quarters). 103. A Landscape.
- Edmund Garvey (Associate).—104. A Landscape. 105. A View of Ragland Castle, South Wales. 106. Ditto of Oxford, from Hinsey Fields. 107. Ditto near Turin.
- Thomas Gaugain.—108. A Moravian Peasant (the Dress from *Le Prince*). 109. The Shepherdess of the Alps. 110. A Portrait.
- Thomas Goddard.—111. A Lady and Gentleman.
- Andrea Graglia.—114. A Miniature.
- Valentine Green (Associate).—115. A Youth rescued from a Shark; a subject founded on a fact which happened in the Harbour of the Havannah (a mezzotinto, from John Singleton Copley, R.A. Elect).
- S. H. Grim.—116. The Ruins of Woolvesey House, Winchester. 117. South-east View of Chepstow Castle. 118. The Valley of Llanabar, Carnarvonshire, with part of the Island of Anglesea. 119. Cromford Bridge, Derbyshire.
- William Groombridge.—120. Two Small Landscapes.
- William Hamilton.—121. Erminia going to put on the Armour of Clorinda, aided by Love. (*Tasso's Jerusalem.*) 122. A Boy.
- Silvester Harding.—123. Two Miniatures.
- Thomas Hardy.—124. Small whole length of Himself.
- Thomas Harrison.—125. A National Monument to commemorate great Public Characters, occasioned by an idea which occurred in Parliament, on the death of Lord Chatham, with its plan.
- Guy Head.—126. A Gentleman.
- John Hills.—127. Two Frames of Birds and Insects, engraved and coloured in real crystal.

- *Hill, Jun.*—128. Mr. Edwards, Architect. 129. A Frame with Miniatures.
- William Hoare, R.A.*—130. A Gentleman and his Daughter (half length). 131. A Young Student (whole length). 132. A Landscape, with the Sun going down. 133. A Child lying on a Sofa (crayons).
- Francis Holman.*—134. The Attack upon the Town of Newport, Rhode Island, by the French Fleet, under the command of Count d'Estaing, in August, 1778. 135. A Storm at Sea.
- Robert Home.*—136 to 140. Portraits. 141. A Lady in the Character of Painting.
- Nathaniel Hone, R.A.*—142 to 144. Portraits.
- Horace Hone.*—145. A Frame with Six Heads (in miniature, the Bracelet painted in enamel).
- Camillus Hone.*—146. Portrait.
- John Howes.*—147 and 148. Portraits (miniatures).
- Ozias Humphry.*—149. A Portrait. 150. A Lady descending from a Temple. 151 to 153. Portraits.
- William Hunneman.*—154. A Gentleman.
- A. Hurst.*—155. A Mausoleum to the Memory of David Garrick.
- Thomas Hull.*—156. Two Miniatures.
- John Hurter.*—157 and 158. Portraits.
- J. Jagger.*—159. A Design for a Casine.
- George James (Associate).*—160. A Lady playing on the Harp. 161. Two Children with a Dog.
- Angelica Kauffman, R.A.*—162. The Death of Procris. (*Ovid's Metam. book vii.*) 163. A Magdalen. 164. Paris and CEnone.
- 'W hen Paris lives not to CEnone true,
Back Xanthus' streams shall to their fountains flow.—*Ovid's Epist.*
165. Diana with one of her Nymphs. 166. Conjugal Peace. 167. A Nobleman's Children. 168. A Group of Children, representing Autumn.
- John Joseph Kauffman.*—169. A Magdalen.
- Benjamin Killingbeck.*—170. Dorimant, the property of Lord Ossory.
- Margaret King.*—171. A Lady (in crayons).
- John Kitchenman.*—172. A Lady (in miniature). 173. Mr. Macklin in the Character of Shylock. 174. The Tartar Sailing Boat. 175. A Dutch Pleasure Boat.
- John Laporte.*—176. A View near Harrow, Middlesex (a drawing).
- Richard Livesay.*—177 to 179. Portraits.
- John Baptista Locatelli.*—180. A Venus reclined on a Couch (a model). 181. Two Caryatides for a Chimney (in marble).
- P. J. Loucherbourg.*—182. A Landscape, in which are represented the Manœuvres of an Attack performed before Their Majesties on Little Warley Common, under the command of Gen. Pierson, on the 20th of October, 1778. 183. A Landscape, with Sunset, Figures and Cattle. 184. Two Landscapes, with Cattle and Figures (drawings).

- Mauritius Lowe*.—185. Design for an allegorical Portrait of Mr. Garrick's quitting the Stage.
- Alexander M'Kenzie*.—186. Two Models (in wax). 187. Two Ditto (in paste).
- Thomas Malton, Jun.*—188. East Front of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds. 189. West Front of St. Mary's Abbey, at York.
- E. Martin* (Associate).—190. St. John in the Wilderness. 191. A View of Castle Triedrick, on Windsor River, Nova Scotia. 192. A Chelsea Pensioner.
- David Martin*.—193. A Portrait.
- Thomas Medland*.—194. A View of Aylesford Priory, in Kent.
- Margaret Meen*.—195. A Drawing of Flowers.
- Philip Mercier*.—196. A View of Richmond Bridge, from the Duke of Montague's Garden (a stained drawing).
- Charles Middleton*.—197. A Design for the principal Front of a Mansion House.
- Il Milanese*.—198. Vulcan playing the Music of Aretino at the celebration of his Nuptials with Venus.
- *Moritz*.—199. A Portrait.
- *Morland*.—201. A Portrait (in crayons).
- George Morland, Jun.*—202. A Drawing with a Poker.
- John Mortimer* (Associate).—(The following Pictures were intended for the Exhibition before his Decease.) 203. The Battle of Agincourt. 204. The Meeting of Vortigern and Rowena. 205. A Head of Despair. 206. A small Landscape. 207. Satan and Death (a washed drawing). 208. A Spanish Conversation (ditto). 209. Sea Monsters eating (ditto). 210. The Death of Sir P. Sidney (design for a picture) (a sketch).
- Mary Moser, R.A.*—211 and 212. Portraits. 213. Contemplation.
- James Nixon* (Associate).—214. The President of the Royal Academy (miniature). 215. A Lady (ditto). 216. A Frame with Four Miniatures.
- Joseph Nollekens, R.A.*—217. A Bust of a Nobleman (in marble). 218. Ditto of a General. 219. A Model of a Monumental Figure.
- Adam Nost*.—220. A Bust of His present Majesty (in marble).
- Daniel O'Keeffe*.—221. Two Miniatures.
- Edward Oram*.—222. A small Landscape, with Figures;—Theocritus with his Two Friends meeting the Goat-herd Lycidas (*Idyllium*, vii.). 223. A View of the Queen's House from the upper end of the Pond in the Green Park.
- J. Parkinson*.—225. A Portrait.
- William Parry* (Associate).—226 and 227. Portraits. 228. Peter the Wild Boy, who was brought from Germany by His late Majesty, and now living at Berkhempestead, Herts.
- R. M. Paye*.—229. Three Portraits (in miniature). 230. Ditto in a Turkish Dress. 231. A Cast of an Emblematical Figure.

- R. Paton.**—232. A View of the Burning the Prudent, of 74 guns, in Louis-
burg Harbour, in the Island of Cape Breton; and of cutting out the
Bienfaisant, of 64 guns, and towing her into the North Harbour, which
was performed by the boats of Admiral Boscawen's Fleet, under the com-
mand of Captains Laforey and Balfour. 233. A View on the River
Thames, with the breaming of a Ship in the Dock, and the Iron Foundry
at Deptford.
- Charles Peart.**—234. A Lady, in wax (a model).
- Edward Penny** (Professor of Painting), R.A.—235. The Return from the
Chase. 236. A Group of Children (*Sylvestrem tenui*, &c. Virgil). 237. A
Young Lady.
- John Plaw, Jun.**—238. Design for a Bridge over the River Suir, from the
City of Waterford to the County of Kilkenny, in Ireland, centre arch
120 feet wide.
- G. Keith Ralph.**—239 and 240. Portraits.
- John Read.**—241. Dead Game. 242. Ditto.
- Thomas Redmond.**—243. Three Miniatures.
- **Reinagle.**—244. A Gentleman.
- Sir Joshua Reynolds**, P.R.A.—245. The Nativity. 246. Faith. 247. Hope.
248. Charity. 249. A Lady (whole length). 250. Ditto. 251. Ditto.
252. A Young Lady (ditto). 253. A Lady with a Child (three quarters)
254. A Gentleman. 255. Ditto.
- John Richards**, R.A.—256. A Landscape and Figures. 257. Ditto.
- J. F. Rigaud** (Associate).—258 to 263. Portraits.
- Richard Ripley, Jun.**—264. A Design for a Casine.
- John Roberts.**—265. A Portrait.
- Samuel Roberts.**—266. A Brace of Carp.
- James Roberts.**—267. A Nobleman in the Character of Cassius Longinus.
268. A Scene in the School for Scandal. 269. Signiora Zuchelli in the
Character of a Turkish Slave, in the Couronnement de Zemire.
- M. A. Rooker** (Associate).—270. Friar Bacon's Study at Oxford. 271. The
Castle Hill at ditto. 272. Godstowe Bridge, near ditto. 273. Lathorn
Postern at York. 274. Westgate, Winchester.
- Thomas Rowlandson.**—275 and 276. Portraits.
- John Russell** (Associate).—277 to 280. Portraits.
- C. R. Ryley.**—281. Orestes on the point of being sacrificed to Diana, dis-
covers the Priestess to be his sister Iphigenia. (*Vide Euripides, Iphig. in
Tauris Act iv.*)
- R. Samuel.**—282. Portraits in the Character of the Muses in the Temple of
Apollo. 283. A Portrait.
- Paul Sandby**, R.A.—284. A View of Bothwell Castle. 285. Ditto of Con-
way Castle. 286. A Landscape—Morning. 287. A View of Bangor (a
stained drawing).
- John Sanders.**—288. Two Children. 289. William Crotch, of Norwich,

who at the early age of two years and a quarter discovered a very extraordinary genius for Music. 290. An Artist.

Joseph Saunders.—291. A Miniature.

Samuel Saxon.—292. Elevation of a Mausoleum.

George Scriptus.—293. A Frame in Enamels, in imitation of Cameos. 294. Three Miniatures (in enamel).

Dominick Serres, R.A.—295. His Majesty's Ship the *Phoenix*, Capt. Parker, the *Roebuck*, Capt. Hammond, and the *Tartar*, Capt. Onimaney, forcing their way through the *Chevaux de Frize*, the *Forts Washington* and *Lee*, and several Batteries up the North River, New York, October 9, 1776. 296. The *Royal George* bringing a French 74-gun Ship into St. Helen's. 297. A View in the Downs. 298. A View in Plymouth Sound, with a Fleet under sailing orders.

James Sharpley.—299 and 300. Portraits.

Samuel Shelley.—301 and 302. Miniatures.

T. Simcock.—303. A Head (in enamel).

Joseph Singleton.—304. Two Miniatures.

Samuel Smart.—305. A Miniature.

J. R. Smith.—306. A Portrait (in crayons).

J. Smith.—307. A Frame with Nine Portraits, various compositions.

John Soan.—308. Plan, Elevation and Section of a British Senate House.

James Sowerby.—309. A Miniature.

John Spiller, Jun.—310. A Portrait (a model in wax).

Fileter Stephanoff.—311. A Lady.

Thomas Stothard.—312. Banditti.

Thomas Stowers.—313. A View from Millbank. 314. Ditto, its companion.

Joseph Strutt.—315. Niobe, a sketch (in colours). 316. Jupiter Olympus, (a drawing ditto).

G. Stuart.—317. A Young Gentleman. 318. A little Girl. 318†. A Head.

George Stubbs.—319. Portrait of a Mare and Dog. 320. Ditto of a Dog. 321. A Gentleman on Horseback. 322. Labourers.

James Tassie.—323. Two Portraits in paste (imitations of marble).

John Taylor.—324. A Domestic Scene.

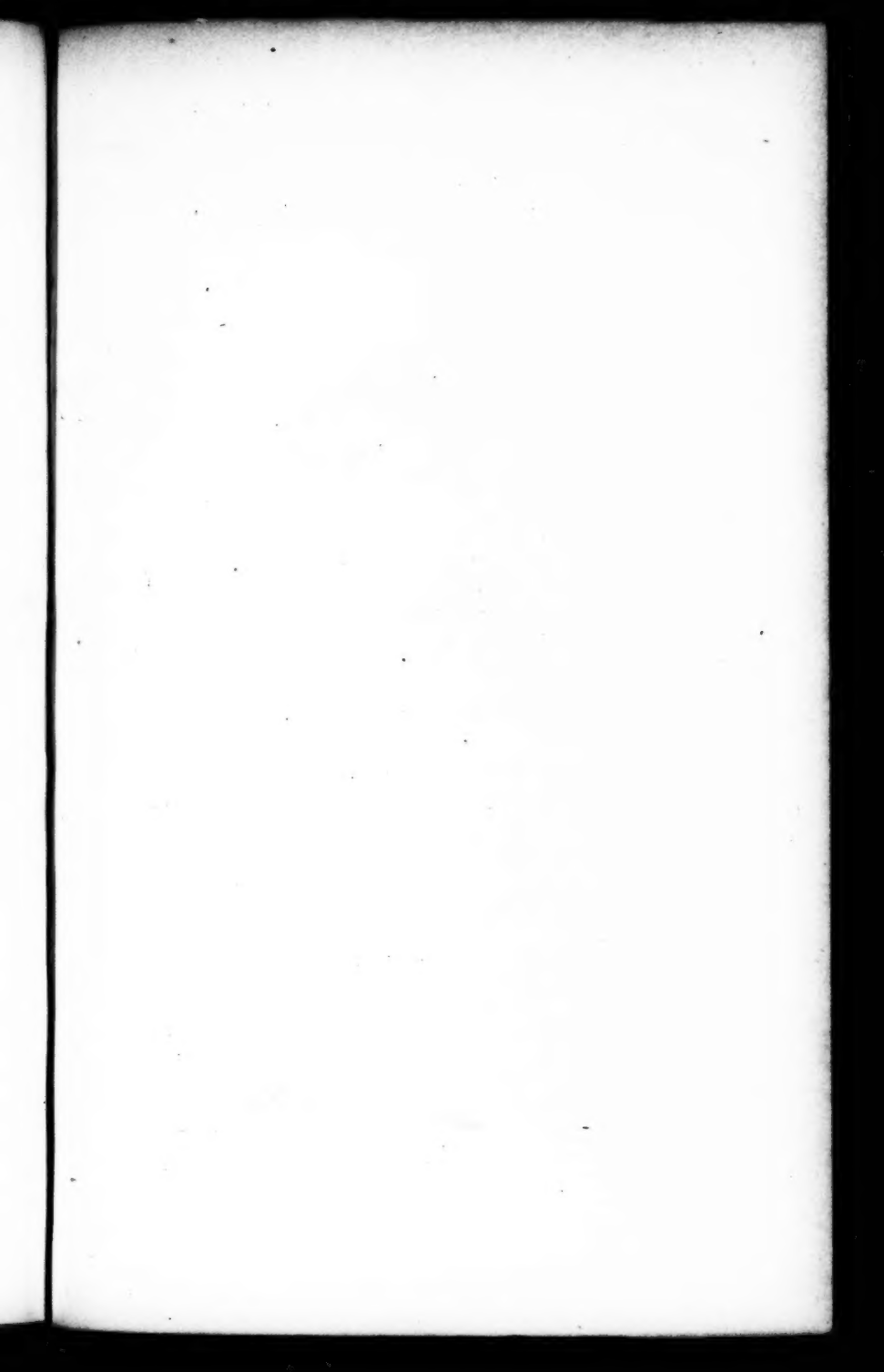
Thomas Thornton.—325. A View of Wansford, Northamptonshire. 326. Ditto from Norman Cross Hill, Huntingdonshire.

William Tomkins (Associate).—327. A Landscape—Evening. 328. Ditto—Morning.

A. Toussaint.—329. A Lady (in enamel).

Francis Towne.—330. A View on the River Exe, taken near the Seat of Sir Francis Drake, Devonshire. 331. A View in North Wales, near Llangollen, in Denbighshire.

[To be continued.]





J. Garton

John Opie R.A. pinx't.

E. Scriven sculp.

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